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NINE MONTHS

IN THE

Quartermaster's Department,

OR,

THE CHANCES FOR

MAKING A MILLION.

BY

CHARLES LEIB,

[illegible]

M. E. Kennedy
[illegible]
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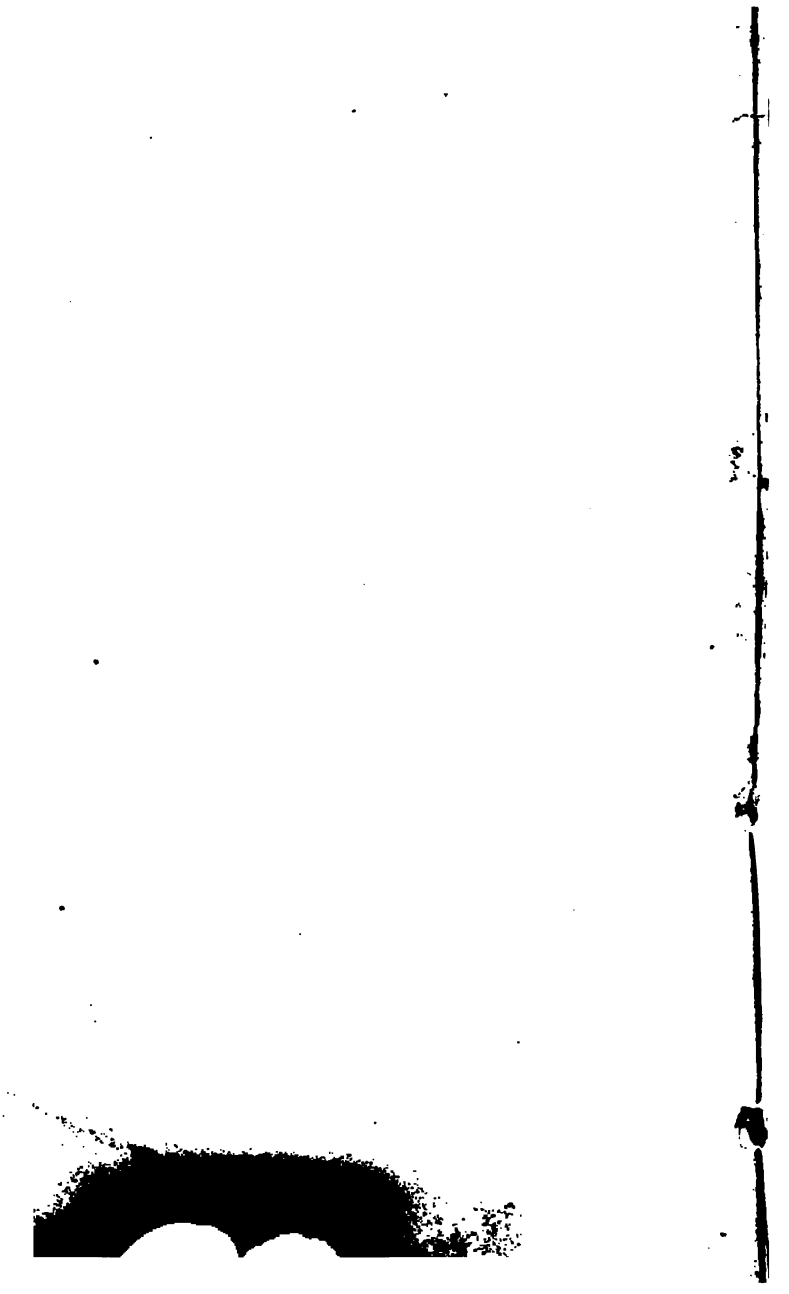

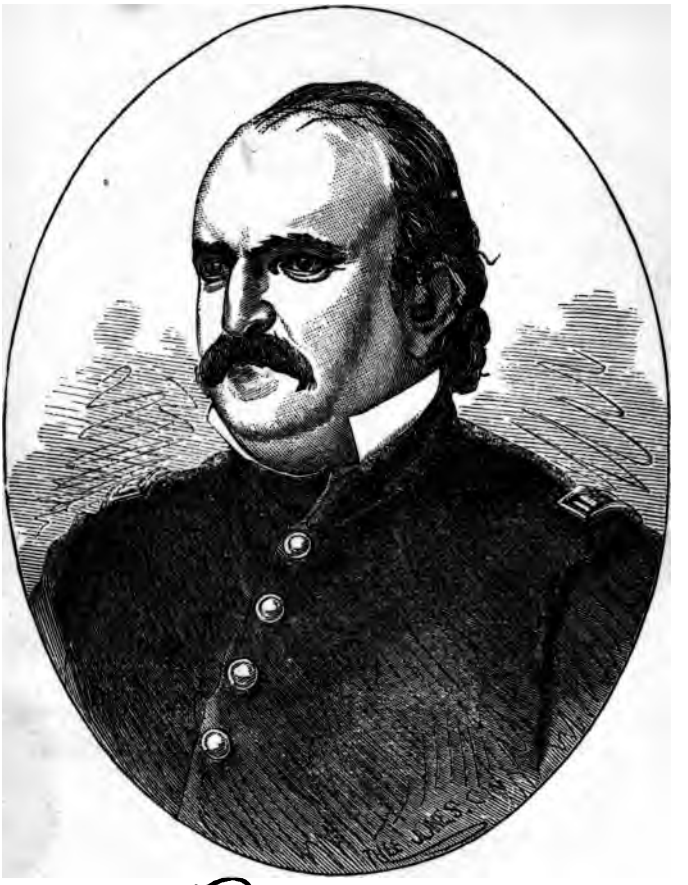

Truly yours
Chas Leib

NINE MONTHS

IN THE

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT;

OR.

The Chances for Making a Million.

BY

CHARLES LEIB,
LATE CAPTAIN AND ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER U. S. ARMY.

"ALL OF WHICH I SAW, AND PART OF WHICH I WAS."

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PREFACE.

THE defection of the rebel States filled the civilized world with sorrow and surprise. Men, high in the confidence of the American people, whose loyalty was not suspected, Cabinet officers, Senators, Members of Congress, and heads of Departments, threw themselves into the vortex of rebellion, and boldly advocated the overthrow of the Government.

Making the success of the Republican party at the last Presidential election a pretext for their disloyalty, the Southern leaders and press, by articles of the most violent character, induced the belief in the minds of the great mass of the Southern people, that it was the mission of that party to exterminate their peculiar institution, and thereby incited them to acts of treason and rebellion. The loyal men of the nation were called upon to suppress the rebellion, and nobly have they responded. To-day, more than six hundred thousand patriotic men,

are ready to bare their bosoms to the enemies of the Government, willing to sacrifice their lives, if need be, in defense of the glorious heritage bequeathed them by their patriotic forefathers.

Desirous of doing his duty in the suppression of the rebellion, the author tendered his services to the Secretary of War, was appointed First Lieutenant in the Eleventh Infantry, U. S. Army, and promoted to a Captaincy in the Quartermaster's Department.

The duties and responsibilities of that Department are so little understood by those who have no connection with it, its officers are so frequently and shamefully misrepresented, that we, who have had nine months' experience in it, owe it to them, as well as the public, to give that experience at the most arduous and difficult post, the base of military operations in the Department of Western Virginia.

THE

CHANCES FOR MAKING A MILLION.

CHAPTER I.

OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

IMMEDIATELY after the passage of the Ordinance of Secession by the Richmond Convention, the rebel leaders in Western Virginia commenced the organization of military companies, as they declared, for home protection. Along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad they were especially active, and by their violent threats, to a great extent, overawed the loyal men.

On the 17th of May, fifteen hundred rebels, commanded by Colonel Porterfield, marched into Fetterman, and on the 23d took possession of Grafton.

During this time, the First Regiment of Virginia Infantry was organizing at Wheeling, composed of volunteers principally from Pennsylvania and Ohio. It was mustered into service by Captain William Craig, A. Q. M., U. S. Army, a most energetic and accomplished officer, who performed the arduous

duties of Mustering Officer, Quartermaster and Commissary.

News having reached Washington of the occupation of Grafton, and the burning of a number of bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Colonel B. F. Kelley, commanding the regiment, was ordered to march against them, and to assume control of the railroad.

In the mean time the "Woods Guard," of Pittsburg, Pa., arrived at Wheeling, and were mustered into service, under the call for volunteers for three years, forming the nucleus for the Second Virginia Regiment.

Colonel Kelley's whole available force left Camp Carlile for the seat of war, on Monday morning, May 26th. Marching orders were received amid a terrific storm of wind, rain, and hail; but every heart was light, and every eye brightened at the prospect of an early engagement.

The order to march was given; each company moved quietly from camp to the Ordnance office, where the men were supplied with ammunition, and as day was breaking, the regular tread of infantry was heard marching across the suspension bridge, and through the principal thoroughfares of the city toward the railroad depot.

The whole city was wrapped in profound slumber. No drum was beat, not a sound passed the lips of the men; and, as company after company defiled through the streets, it seemed like march-

ing through the city of the dead. Until they reached the depot, neither officers nor men could form any idea of their destination, so secretly had the movement been kept.

Here Colonel Kelley ordered an inspection of arms, and, much to his surprise, found that many of the men had never seen a minie rifle cartridge before, and had loaded their pieces by placing the ball in the muzzle and ramming it down with the charge of powder on top. The charges were carefully withdrawn, and the men instructed how to load and fire.

They were indeed citizen-soldiers. Officers and men, with but few exceptions, were ununiformed; and most of the swords the officers had were of a primitive character. The men were well armed with minie muskets, and although some of them were ragged and almost barefooted, in many cases having no tents, and but few blankets, they left cheerfully for the field of action, feeling they were engaged in a holy cause, each one resolved to die, if need be, in defense of that starry flag, which for so many long years had waved o'er them, and which is the pride and glory of every patriot's heart.

As the train passed the different railroad stations, the excitement became intense; and at Glover's Gap the Secessionists boldly threatened, that no more trains loaded with soldiers should pass that point.

On arriving at Mannington the citizens provided the almost famished men with dinner. Here Colonel Kelley learned that two bridges, east of that point, had been burned, and immediately ordered the arrest and close confinement of several prominent rebels, who had participated in the outrage.

Moving rapidly forward to the first burnt bridge, he ordered the erection of a temporary structure, to enable the passage of the train. The men worked with a will. They were anxious to go forward, and each vied with the other in his efforts to perform the duty imposed upon him. Night coming on haversacks were examined, and as there was but little in them, a car was dispatched to Mannington for provisions to replenish the commissariat. Cheerfully its patriotic people responded to the request of the Colonel.

The men bivouacked in a meadow, making beds of rails, some of them having no covering save the blue canopy of Heaven; but every star was to them a star of hope. It had been a rainy, blustering day, but in the evening the rain ceased, a cold west wind blew all night, the standing water was covered with ice, and the grass frozen hard.

Hardly had the troops lain down, until an order came from Colonel Kelley, directing Company A, of the Second Regiment, to proceed to Glover's Gap, to protect the railroad bridge, which the rebels threatened to burn the next day. They had

already cut the telegraph wire, and torn up a portion of the track.

In a few moments the men were ready to move, and at two o'clock arrived there, arrested the participators in the outrage, and early in the morning six men were detailed under command of Lieutenant O. R. West, to arrest other parties who were implicated.

Among these was one Stephen Roberts, a notorious character, noted for his bullying propensities, who had made bold threats against the few Union men in that locality. Coming suddenly upon him in company with other rebels, he swore he would not, and could not, be taken by all the Federal troops in Western Virginia, leveled his rifle at the Lieutenant, but fortunately it snapped, when he ordered his men to fire, and in a moment Roberts was a corpse.

Thus fell the first rebel in Western Virginia. The death of Roberts was the death-knell of their hopes in that locality, for the news spreading rapidly, in less than two days, nearly all the Secessionists came in and voluntarily took the oath.

This had been an infected district. A company organized there was ready to join the rebel forces, and would have done so within a few days, but the death of their trusted leader caused them to disband.

The day following that upon which the Virginia troops moved from Wheeling, the Fourteenth

Ohio Regiment, commanded by Colonel Stedman, arrived at Parkersburg, and proceeded to guard the bridges on the North-western branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which were also threatened to be burned.

Colonel I. H. Morrow, commanding the Third Ohio, entered Virginia a few days later at Benwood, and was quickly followed by the Seventh and Ninth Indiana Regiments, under command of Brigadier-General Thomas A. Morris.

The temporary bridges were finished, trains were again running regularly, and supplies and troops were rapidly sent forward, while a detachment of men was detailed to guard every bridge. Everything ready, General Morris pushed forward to Grafton, anticipating, from the strength of the rebel position and their numbers, a sharp engagement; but was doomed to disappointment, for on his arrival they had fled.

They boasted of their prowess and bravery (although six determined Union men, with levelled rifles, prevented fifteen hundred from tearing down the stars and stripes), but when their scouts brought the information of the approach of the Federal troops, such a stampede took place as has not been witnessed outside of Western Virginia since the commencement of the war.

It was a Gilpin race. Alarmed and panic-stricken, many of them threw aside their arms and accoutrements, while the cavalry retreated at the top of

their horses' speed. Spectators declare it was a most laughable and interesting scene, to see fourteen hundred men breaking along the road leading to Phillippi--never stopping to assist the hopeless wights, whose wind proved too short for so long a race.

When they reached Phillipi, feeling themselves out of harm's way, they made a stand; became patriotic, and resolved to die, if need be, in defense of their "homes and firesides," and the graves of their fathers.

Grafton presented a busy scene. Soldiers poured in by regiments, companies, and detachments. Citizens and newspaper correspondents came by scores, hotels were crowded, provisions scarce, and empty cars were in great demand for sleeping apartments. Some of the troops had neither tents nor transportation, and empty houses were taken possession of for quarters. So limited were they in number that the men were literally packed together while sleeping. Sickness was engendered, and was the cause of the large return of sick, in the army of Western Virginia, in the first months of the campaign.

Although the headquarters of the army, there was neither Quartermaster nor Commissary; and for several days, officers and soldiers helped themselves, from such stores as arrived.

Many amusing scenes occurred. Officers joined their companies they had not seen before, and it

was not an unusual sight to see a Captain mustering his men, and another officer, sauntering along, would declare a portion of his company in the ranks.

On the eve of the battle of Phillipi, General Morris ordered four companies to remain and guard the post. At roll-call the next morning, but one hundred and twenty answered, one company having only seventeen men—the rest had gone to the fight; and it was several weeks before some of them rejoined their companies.

Resting the troops for a day, General Morris sent forward fifteen hundred men in different detachments, under command of Colonels Kelley, Milroy, and Dumont, who suddenly appeared at Phillipi about day-break the morning of the 3d; charged the rebels right and left, causing them to beat a precipitate retreat.

They had received information from Miss Abby Kerr, of Fairmont, whose father and two brothers were among their forces, that the day following they would be attacked. She had learned this from some source, and started on horseback, accompanied by a Miss McCloud, whose lover was also in the rebel army, eluded our pickets, and made their way to the camp.

Their rout was complete. It was a continuation of Grafton races; but this time they left behind, arms, ammunition, clothing, horses, wagons, subsistence stores, and a very large number of letters,

written by hands of fair rebels, congratulating them upon the spirit of patriotic devotion, which had induced them to volunteer in defense of "Southern rights," and leave their homes, promising to take "care of them if wounded, and to mourn for them if killed."

When our forces arrived at Phillipi, they were worn down with fatigue, having marched twenty-two miles from 11 o'clock at night.

The roads were in a horrible condition, the mud ankle deep, the night so dark that the outlines of the forms of the men could not be discerned even at a few feet distant, and the rain descended in torrents.

To enable them to bear up under such severe fatigue, they were ordered to throw away everything they had, except arms and ammunition.

Some of the men, from exhaustion, were left by the way; but the troops pushed forward, and would have taken the whole camp by surprise, had not a woman, living within half a mile of it, hearing the tramp of the men, fired a pistol, which alarmed the pickets, who roused the camp.

When the charge was made, some ludicrous scenes occurred. Dozens of the flying soldiery were seen rushing along the road, with their coats in one hand, their pantaloons in the other, and the white flag streaming out behind. Others were bare-footed, while one fellow had only time to get one leg into his breeches, and in the hurry to get

in the other, lost his balance, and fell to the ground.

A farmer residing in the neighborhood, visited the camp the night before, and was induced to remain until morning. When the attack was made, he took refuge in an old stable, imagining himself safe; but a six-pound cannon ball, passing through the stable, took off his leg.

Colonel Kelley was severely wounded by Lieutenant Simms, Quartermaster of the rebel regiment. For his gallantry on that occasion he was promoted to a Brigadiership.

The battle of Phillipi caused great rejoicing, and was the first of the series of victories won by the Federal troops in Western Virginia.

CHAPTER II.

APPOINTED AND TAKE POSSESSION.

In May, 1861, we received our appointment from the Secretary of War, and reported for orders to Brigadier General Montgomery C. Meigs, Quartermaster General, U. S. A., were courteously received, and on signifying a desire to be stationed at Cairo, Illinois, where our troops were in hourly expectation of an attack from the rebel forces, he directed us to report personally to Major General McClellan, at Cincinnati, Ohio, observing that he would doubtless gratify our desire.

On arriving at that city we were chagrined to learn he had moved to the mountains of Western Virginia; but reported to Captain N. H. McLean, Assistant Adjutant General, who immediately telegraphed the General, and received for reply:

"Direct Captain Leib to join me at once."

Hastening to Grafton we were ordered to Clarksburg, then an obscure town, unknown outside the limits of the State, but rendered important from the fact of having been the base of military operations, in the department of Western Virginia.

Taking the early morning train on the North-Western branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail-

road, after a ride of twenty-two miles, through a wild and almost unbroken country, the scenery of which is picturesque and grand, we arrived at our post, and called upon the Acting Quartermaster, who expressed great gratification at being relieved from the arduous duties he had been performing for one day.

Up to this time the Quartermaster had been changed almost daily.

Entering upon our duties at once; having no experience, nor yet experienced subordinates; without a copy of Army Regulations, to familiarize us with the requirements of "red tape," we felt as does the mariner cast away in an open boat on an unknown ocean, without chart, compass, or rudder.

There were but few troops there; the Eighteenth and Seventh Ohio, Howe's Battery, U. S. A., the Sturges Rifles, of Chicago, Barker's Chicago Dragoons, Burdsall's Cavalry, and a portion of the Third Virginia Infantry, comprised the whole force.

Colonel Tyler, commanding the Seventh Ohio regiment, an officer whose intimate knowledge of every mountain path and fastness, peculiarly fitted him to command the advance, was just preparing to move to the mountains. Taking advantage of the ignorance of our predecessor, he succeeded in obtaining from him a much larger amount of transportation than he was entitled to; a portion of which he was compelled to return to us, by order of General McClellan.

The regiments that had passed through the country had contracted bills of every description. Their Quartermasters had no money, but gave orders on the Quartermaster at Clarksburg, for their payment. The necessities of the service required that the articles should be had, and the vendors were happy to accept the orders. Many of the Quartermasters had no knowledge of the requirements of the regulations; and in many cases the evidence of indebtedness was worthless.

In three hours after we took charge of the department, indebtedness amounting to at least five thousand dollars, was presented to us, to all of which we found some objection, for the purpose of gaining time; stating that the accounts were not in proper shape, and that the vouchers were not sufficient; all of which, when we became familiar with the business of the department, we found to be correct.

Now our troubles commenced in earnest. Colonels, Captains, and Regimental Quartermasters—all of them as ignorant as ourself—wanted every description of supplies.

"Certainly: anything I have you can get, by presenting the proper papers."

What were the proper papers? We did not know. Fortunately, there was a copy of Army Regulations at the office of the commander of the post. We borrowed it an hour, and were safe; for we learned that, upon a special requisition, a

Quartermaster could transfer stores to a commissioned officer, and the order of the commandant of the post, was his authority for doing so.

For two months we required, for every article, a requisition. Duplicates are required of every paper, in the department; and when we requested duplicate receipts, officers frequently refused to give them; declaring they would not give two receipts for the same thing; that they would not be cheated in that way. Even after explaining to them, that one was to remain in our office, and the other would be sent to the office of the Quartermaster General, at Washington, they would frequently object to signing them. On one occasion, a Captain, on being requested to sign duplicate receipts, exclaimed:

"Duplicate receipts! H—l! What kind are they?"

The day following, General McClellan and staff arrived. Everything was bustle and confusion. His coming caused great enthusiasm among the inhabitants, who flocked, by scores, to his camp, to see the youthful commander; and many sage predictions as to his success were indulged in by the wiseacres of the town.

The troops were inspired by his presence, and filled with the most ardent anticipations of success. He immediately issued an order for the construction of a military telegraph line, and Captain Anson Stager, now of the Quartermaster's department,

having it in charge, went to work in earnest, to push it through in the least possible space of time. We were called upon to furnish transportation for the material, and for such articles as were needed for its construction; but objected, demurred, did not know from whom we were to obtain receipts, as Captain Stager was not then a commissioned officer, and we knew nothing of the rule of the department with reference to boards of survey, and expending goods worn out in the public service. No order had been received from the department commander to furnish the stores, and we would not deliver them. The telegraph-builder became furious, and declared he would not go ahead with the line, unless he had the facilities required afforded him. We could not help it; had no order; were responsible for all the stores; and General McClellan could not get them without proper receipts. Captain Rufus Saxton, Chief Quartermaster of the department, was appealed to, and upon his assurance that receipts should be forthcoming, every want of Captain Stager was supplied.

Nearly all the military telegraph lines constructed in Western Virginia, were furnished from the Clarksburg depot, and knowing the interests of the service required it, every facility for building, protecting, and keeping them in repair, was afforded the Superintendent and his assistants, although the repairers broke down, and rendered

unfit for use, a large number of horses, by the hard usage and little care bestowed upon them.

In a few days work commenced in earnest. Whole railroad trains began to arrive, with every species of Quartermaster's property. Horses and wagons by hundreds, hats, caps, boots, shoes, tents, blankets, harness leather, horse shoes, iron, mess pans, camp kettles, axes, picks, hatchets, shovels, and every conceivable article used in a campaign, were rushed in. There were no store-houses, and no place to store the goods, while there was not a single tarpaulin to be had, to protect them from the weather.

A little store-house, belonging to a rebel who had joined the Confederate army, had been taken possession of, and was occupied by us, in conjunction with Lieutenant Charles Allen, Acting Commissary of Subsistence, (a capital officer,) but was not of sufficient capacity to store the one-hundredth part of property received.

The railroad agents would tumble off stores, helter-skelter, along the line of the road for half a mile, wherever a spot could be found, without giving our clerks time to receive them; and we were obliged to ask a detail of soldiers to guard them. By dint of coaxing and begging, we generally succeeded in securing the detail asked for; but the instant the back of their officer was turned, in most cases, the men would slip off, swearing they had come to fight, and not to watch sto[illegible]

General McClellan remained but a short time. He was to move the Sunday following to Buckhannon, and was anxious to take with him a train of at least one hundred wagons, loaded principally with commissary stores. We had the different parts of several hundred wagons, but they had been so mixed, in shipping them at Cincinnati, and reshipping at Belle-Air, that it was next to impossible to get them together properly. A large force was detailed for that purpose; but upon examination only ten were found fit for immediate service. Hind wheels had been put on front axles, linchpins lost or thrown away by the men, who were anxious to get through in the shortest space of time, wagon-hammers stolen, bows broken, and swingletrees carried off. We were disappointed and mortified, and reported the condition of affairs to the General, who said,

"Get the wagons in running order as soon as possible. I will depend upon your prompt forwarding of supplies."

"You may, sir. At what time will you move in the morning?"

"At five o'clock, precisely."

"The wagons will be ready at that hour."

As the minute hand denoted the hour of five we were at the General's marquee, with watch in hand. He had just risen, and was performing his morning ablutions.

"General, it is just five o'clock. Your teams are ready to move."

"You are prompt, Captain. Do not forget the supplies."

"Your order shall be strictly obeyed."

In the course of two weeks we received and had in the government corral, two thousand horses; many of them fine looking animals, but too young for the service required of them, while others had been "doaped," for purpose of sale, and by the time they returned from one trip to the mountains, were fit subjects for the hospital; especially as a large majority of the men we were compelled to employ as teamsters, bestowed no care upon them.

It was not in horses alone the government was swindled; but it seemed to us, that the contractors who furnished supplies, vied with each other in furnishing the poorest articles the market could afford.

The Commanders, or Quartermasters of a large majority of the regiments coming to Western Virginia, were sent to Clarksburg for their transportation. Every one was determined to select the best horses in the "corral," and the finest wagons at the post. This could not be permitted. It was right they should have a fair average of horses and wagons; but we could not, and would not, comply with a demand that would work manifest injustice to those who had not been supplied.

A Colonel, noted alike for his ignorance of military matters and want of good breeding, came to Clarksburg to select transportation for his regiment. He did not call on us until he had examined all our horses, when he came blustering into the office, and in an imperious tone demanded of one of our clerks:

"Is Captain Leib about?"

"Yes, sir; that's him," pointing to us.

"Captain Leib, I have some business with you."

"Very well, sir; as soon as I get through with Lieutenant ———, I will attend to you."

"I want to see you at once."

"As soon as I get through with the Lieutenant, but not before, sir."

The Colonel was indignant that we would not quit the young officer, but smothered his wrath for the moment.

Having disposed of the Lieutenant, we turned to the Colonel, and said, blandly:

"What can I do for you, Colonel?"

"I have a requisition for twenty-five teams."

"Let me look at it."

"Can't you take my word?"

"I can; but I must see that it is correct, and in proper form."

After a moment's hesitation, he handed it to us, and looking over it, we said:

"Colonel, do you want horses, harness, halters, wagons, covers, tar pots, and water buckets?"

"Of course I do."

"This is not sufficient. You must specify every article. The Department holds me to a strict accountability for every article that comes into my hands, and I must have a receipt for everything I turn over to you."

"That is sufficient. I don't intend giving a receipt for every d—d thing separate."

"Then, sir, you can't have them; besides, you can't have but twenty-two teams."

"By G—d, sir, I want twenty-five teams, and I mean to have them."

"Very well, sir; if you get an order from the Department Commander, or Chief Quartermaster, you can have them; but not without."

He became terribly excited, cursed "red tape," and all Quartermasters; whereupon, we ordered him to leave the office, which he did, swearing he would see about it.

In the course of an hour, he returned in a better frame of mind, and presented a requisition for twenty-two teams, etc. The papers were right, and we gave an order for them.

He wanted the post teams; we refused; he insisted; but finding we were determined, desisted.

Having received the teams, he returned to the office, expressed his satisfaction at the character of the horses he had obtained, and quietly seating himself, indulged in the luxury of a cigar.

After some time, he remarked:

"Leib, I've just been sitting here watching you doing business."

"Have you?"

"Yes. I had a very bad impression of you, from what I heard, and from what I seen of you in the Cincinnati Commercial; but I think you a good officer."

"I'm glad to hear it. I try to do my duty."

"Is the rush always as great as it is to-day?"

"It is."

"If that's so, I wouldn't be Quartermaster at Clarksburg for the whole of Western Virginia."

When the Colonel left he shook us warmly by the hand, and urged us strongly to visit his regiment which would, in a few days, be at Cheat Mountain.

We always will believe he telegraphed the General to order us to furnish him twenty-five teams, and was refused.

CHAPTER III.

SUPPLY M'CLELLAN'S COLUMN.

General McClellan having moved to the Mountains, we at once secured the services of a number of Wagonmakers and Blacksmiths, and taking all the force we could spare from the "corral," set them to work fitting up wagons. They were steadily employed, day and night, and by Wednesday morning, July 4th, they had in complete running order, one hundred and nine wagons. During this time the Chief Wagonmaster was busy with his men matching and breaking horses; very many of them had never worked in harness.

By three o'clock the train was loaded, and at four it moved toward Buckhannon, where it arrived late in the afternoon of the following day. The few rations the troops already there had taken with them had given out, and the arrival of the train was hailed with delight. They at once surrounded it, and in spite of the Wagonmaster, who insisted on being permitted to deliver the stores to the Quartermaster, they took possession of everything edible and carried it to their respective camps, leaving their officers to

arrange the matter with the Quartermaster and Commissary, as best they could. But this was not all. The teamsters had hardly finished unhitching their horses, until they were surrounded by a crowd of officers, who, without ceremony, took possession of horses and wagons, and refused to give receipts for them. They insisted they must have the teams; the Wagonmaster protested against their being taken; and finally, after begging and coaxing, succeeded in obtaining lead-pencil receipts, on slips of paper, not two inches in width; in two instances on the margin of a newspaper: such vouchers would be scouted at at the Quartermaster-General's office, especially as nothing was specified, save horses and wagons.

We could do nothing. They had taken nearly all the train, and we have seen but few of the officers since. When the matter was mentioned to them, they were wofully ignorant of everything connected with it. The affidavit of the Wagonmaster, stating the facts, with the memorandum receipts attached, will relieve an officer whose property is taken, when it is impossible to obtain other receipts; while the officer taking it, is compelled to account for it. We received the following comforting dispatch from the Chief Quartermaster:

Buckhannon, July 7, 1861.

CAPTAIN CHARLES LEIB, A. Q. M.

Of all that train, I could only send back fifteen

wagons. It is absolutely necessary to hurry up supplies, and ammunition for small arms.

* * * * * * * * *

Hire all the transportation you can, and if necessary press teams. Send a good Wagonmaster with every twenty wagons, with orders to report to me. Send as much hard bread as you can, and please inform me how many wagons you can send to-day and to-morrow.

R. SAXTON,
Chief Quartermaster.

In the mean time we were organizing trains, and pushing them forward, as rapidly as possible. For several weeks a portion of every train we sent out was seized, and the Wagonmasters sent back without receipts. In one instance a whole train was taken; the Wagonmaster fearing to return, left Virginia, and up to this time we have not seen him. The facts as to the taking of the train, were elicited of a teamster, who was with it.

Although frequently telegraphing the Chief of the Department and begging him to secure us the vouchers necessary, even he could not get them for us, as will be seen by the following telegram:

Buckhannon, July 9, 1861.

CAPTAIN CHARLES LEIB, CLARKSBURG, VA.

What is the prospect of supplies to-day. Hurry them up, as fast as possible. I am afraid the

troops will not be supplied. It was impossible to get formal receipts for your teams in the hurry and confusion of getting off McClellan's column. You will have to get them, from time to time, as you can, from the different Quartermasters in charge, and if on closing your account there is a deficiency, I will give such a certificate, in addition to your own, as will clear up your accountability at the Treasury. Please send up as many newspapers as you can; I have nothing to read.

R. SAXTON,
Chief Quartermaster.

As fast as stores arrived, we made the most determined efforts to send them forward, and experienced the greater difficulty in doing so, from the fact that but little of our transportation was returned. The course taken by the troops in taking possession of the stores the instant they arrived at their place of destination, and sometimes on the road, prevented us from obtaining the necessary vouchers, while Wagonmasters, fearful of being censured for giving them up, would not return.

Early in July, a gentleman called at our office and stated, that he had been appointed Assistant Quartermaster of Volunteers, and was on his way to join General McClellan. A young Lieutenant of Engineers, also on his way to Headquarters, made a requisition for transportation, and we

gave the two what was termed an Ambulance, but which in reality was only a Cincinnati "Ginger Pop Wagon" repainted, and they left together. As they rode along, discussing the weather, the beautiful mountain scenery around and before them, and the probabilities of a speedy termination of the rebellion, the young Lieutenant inquired of our citizen appointee what he was going to Headquarters for.

"I'm going into the Quartermaster's Department."

"Oh! you're going to be Chief Clerk, I suppose?"

"No! I don't know that I am. I'm going to assist some Quartermaster."

"You're to be Foragemaster, perhaps?"

"I don't know yet what I'm to be, but here's my commission."

"Why," said he, looking at it, "You're an Assistant Quartermaster!"

"Of course I am. That's just what I said. I'm to assist some Quartermaster."

"What corps were you promoted from?"

"What corps! I never belonged to anything in my life but the militia."

"Don't you belong to the army?"

"No! I don't know shoulder arms from right face."

"Assistant Quartermaster! You'll find out what an Assistant Quartermaster is, old fellow, before this war is over."

He says he has already learned more about it than he bargained for when he accepted the commission. He is, however, a competent officer, an energetic man, and we transacted a large amount of business with him.

On the arrival of troops at Buckhannon, they found that nearly all the Secessionists had fled, fearing they would be arrested. Their houses were taken possession of, and converted into barracks.

Nearly every man who was there, had a claim against the Government. One had lost his rails, another had had his horse taken by the army, others had been robbed of their cattle or poultry. It seemed as if every man was making an effort "to make all he could out of the war," as some of them declared they would, and to compel the Government to pay them for sending troops to Western Virginia, to protect their homes and firesides, while they remained quietly at home, waiting to see which party would triumph, before taking a decided stand; such is the position of many persons in that country.

The Acting Quartermaster at Buckhannon had no funds, and referred their claims to Captain Leib. Down they came like so many hungry wolves, and with a pertinacity that knew no bounds, urged their payment. In many cases, they had no evidence to support their statements as to the damage they professed to have sustained. They were certain

their statements would be sufficient to insure their prompt payment.

This was not confined to that portion of country alone, but to the whole Department. Frequently in the Kanawha Valley, claims were presented, and upon investigation it proved that the loss sustained by them, was from the rebel army; but Uncle Sam had plenty of money, and the Quartermaster who refused to discharge the claimed indebtedness, was sure to be denounced as a dishonest man.

The following is a copy of a bill, which is similar in character to others among the papers of the different officers of the Quartermaster's Department:

"RAVENSWOOD, Novber 1st, 1861.

"Sept. 19th, United States

To House burnt by Rebles	$400 00
To 5 Apple Trees Burnt by Fire, $5 Ea	30 00
To 2 plum Trees Burnt by Fire, $3	6 00
To 2 Peach Trees Burnt by Fire, $3	6 00
To 1 Tool and Tools	73 75
To 1 Gring Stone	2 00
To Bedsteds, Chears & Table, and other Furniture	37 14
To Brass Kettle & Tin ware	10 00
To 1 Clock	16 00
To 1 Sett harness, bridle and Collar	5 10
To Loss of Crop on the account of the Rebles,	39 16
	$625 15

"Sir, the within account is the amt of Damages I sustained by the infernal secession outbrake in

Jackson, and would be glad if you can intersead, in refunding back my losses, the Rebles calld on me to fight for the South, as I was a Southern man, I told them Nay, they made me leave my home, then I inlisted. they then Burnt my House and I am now in the service of the United States service.

"Sir. You can learn of the Mr. D. Frostd, about the Burning of my House He published it in the Wheeling papers and hope by the Help of my god and Country To stand against the traitors as long as I live.

"I was in my Country's service in the out Brak in Florida, got my Discharge, and they burnt it. Then they Burnt my house with my other valuable Papers. If you can Do something for me it will in these Hard times Help me, For the poor Solger boy, no more at Present, I remain Your Humble Servant, excuse this writing

LEWIS STOOPS."

From Buckhannon, General McClellan moved to Roaring Run, and from thence to Beverly, which was the principal depot in the Cheat Mountain district, for the distribution of Quartermaster and Commissary stores. Captain Charles W. Moulton, of Ohio, was assigned to duty there in the Quartermaster's department. We doubt not, in proportion to the amount of business transacted, his experience is equal to ours.

The Tenth Ohio Regiment, commanded by Colonel Wm. H. Lytle, arrived at Clarksburg early in July, and it is due to them to state, that while there, they afforded us every facility for protecting public stores, and promptly responded to every call made upon them for that purpose.

The Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Indiana came next, and pushed rapidly on, all anxious to participate in the expected fight.

The Quartermaster of the Thirteenth is a peculiar man. At home, he is said to be a thrifty farmer, devoted to raising fine cattle and good crops. He delights in presiding at agricultural meetings, and is noted for the pertinacity with which he button-holes and bores those who are too polite to rebuff him.

While at Clarksburg, he was never seen without an umbrella under his arm, although the weather was delightful; and was dubbed the Paul Pry of the army. We advised him to resign and go home, for no man is qualified to fill the position he holds, who will insist on discussing a question which can be answered by yes or no.

Feeling more and more the necessity of having a storehouse for the protection of the large amount of public property in our hands, we resolved to build one. It was to be rapidly erected; the order for the lumber given to parties, who represented that they could, and would, furnish it by a specified time, but the time passed; new promises were made

daily, and as often broken, until we rescinded the order; and sending to Parkersburg, obtained it at once.

The building was finished, and a magnificent one it is, being eighty feet front, and one hundred and forty-four deep.

The lumber firm, feeling aggrieved and indignant that we would not wait their pleasure, and permit them to take their own time to furnish the material, reported us to Washington for having annulled the order, and refusing to give them "satisfaction." Their papers were indorsed by a United States Senator, who recommended our removal from that post, and we regretted that his recommendation was not acted on favorably, as for six months we begged to be relieved from duty there. For daring to do right, and not permitting thirty carpenters to be idle, at the expense of the Government, to oblige a wealthy lumber firm, we were shamefully persecuted and misrepresented. The Quartermaster-General sent us the charges, which we returned with a simple statement of facts, and we have not since heard from it.

At a later period, when erecting two large Commissary buildings, we positively refused to purchase a foot of lumber from them, and were again reported, with a statement that we had refused to take their offer, which they said was two dollars per thousand less than we were purchasing it from a Secessionist at Parkersburg—both of which

statements were false, as we paid less than they asked; and the party from whom it was procured, was a devoted friend of the Union, and had voted for Mr. Lincoln for President.

In this respect, they were not alone, for there are plenty of men, who, when we were first stationed at Clarksburg, approached us with hypocritical smiles, and honied words, and did not favor us with their presence when they found they could not put their hands into our safe, and filch from the public treasury. Patriots! they were willing and anxious to make contracts, of some kind, by which they could make fortunes.

During the time we were stationed at Clarksburg, we never gave but one contract (and that was upon the day of our rejection by the Senate), which was for forty tons of hay at twelve dollars per ton, while at Wheeling it was commanding thirteen dollars and fifty cents, at which point we had been obliged to purchase much of what we used.

Semi-occasionally, a great change in the opinions of the people as to us, took place. At times they thought we were liberal, because we never refused to contribute to any charitable enterprise, a thing very many of the wealthier citizens were never suspected of being guilty of. Then we were denounced, because we would pay no account unless it was in proper form. They could not understand, why such a receipt as they gave a country merchant, was not sufficient for the Quartermaster.

One wiseacre announced very triumphantly that he had caught us cheating the Government. We purchased a small amount of oats from him, and took duplicate receipts for the money, when he declared he had been obliged to give two receipts for the same thing; that Captain Leib had told him he must have two, and he knew Captain Leib was "cheating the Government, doing that way."

Thus it will be seen that it is time the common school system was introduced in Western Virginia.

CHAPTER IV.

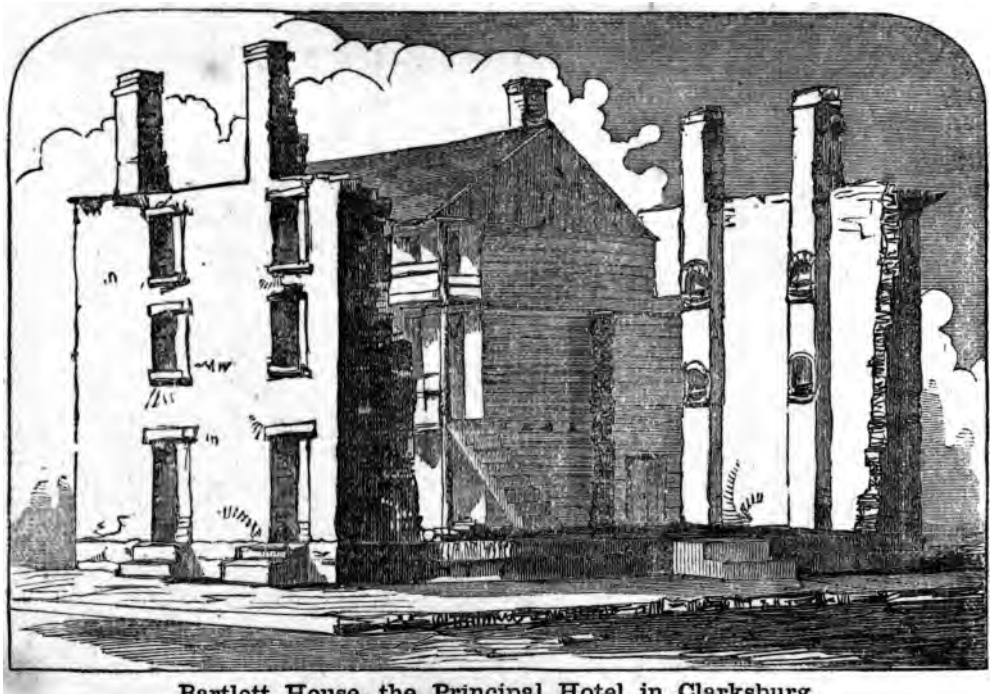
CLARKSBURG AND ITS NOTABLES.

THIS "Ancient Metropolis of Western Virginia," as its people delight in calling it, lies in a little valley, on one side of which runs Elk Creek, and on the other the West fork of Monongahela river. On all sides loom up wild, desolate-looking hills, covered to their summits with the "forest primeval."

The town itself is only approached by dilapidated-looking bridges across the streams before mentioned, and is laid out irregularly, with little regard to artistic taste or beauty. It is a motley collection of rickety frame houses, dirty-looking brick dwellings, and old stone buildings, some of which are propped up by large pieces of scantling—shattered monuments of the first families of Virginia.

For the most part, the grounds around the dwellings are alike destitute of good taste or comfort.

The town boasts a Court House (a most extraordinary specimen of architecture), which is used for every purpose besides its legitimate one: for



Bartlett House, the Principal Hotel in Clarksburg.

fairs, balls, parties, political, indignation, and other meetings.

Almost every sect is represented by a Church, the most of which have been sadly disfigured by the troops occupying them for barracks. There is also an Academy, which has been turned into a guard-house and prison, for the numerous political prisoners sent there.

An air of listless inactivity broods over the whole town. Many of the people are hospitable and kind, the ladies refined and educated—have more energy than the men—who, for the most part, are lazy, indolent, and delight in interfering with the affairs of strangers. Their principal occupation, in the drowsy Summer afternoons, is to sit upon their door-steps, with their little negroes playing at their feet, gazing into the street; at times discussing the war, and marking out plans for our Generals to follow.

Pacing along the deserted streets in the twilight, the only sounds which are heard beside the tramp of your own footsteps, are the merry ringing laugh of childhood, the tinkle of a distant cow-bell, and the braying of the Government mules.

The languid inactivity of the town reminds one of those primitive Dutch places in New York, so graphically described by Washington Irving. There the resemblance ends, for an ancient Dutch burgher would be horrified at the unthriftiness and

laziness of those claiming to be the descendants of the Cavaliers.

This is the old town.

At the depot, half a mile distant, where the Government buildings are erected for the Quartermaster and Commissary departments, all is activity and bustle. Trains are continually coming and going, bearing stores to distant posts. Troops are passing rapidly through, enthusiastic with patriotism, and anxious to get a glance at Secessia. Messengers with dispatches are rapidly hurrying from camp to camp. There is the ceaseless roll of white-topped army wagons, dissatisfied claimants hanging around the Quartermaster's office, importuning the sentry for admission tho' knowing it is already full; the endless ringing of the blacksmith's hammer, the activity and bustle of the wagon-shop; enthusiastic individuals who have just discovered a new plan by which transportation can be hastened, or anxious to dispose of horses at a high price from disinterested motives, because they are "good Union men;" the arrival and departure of special trains laden with every description of stores, and numerous Secessionists in the guise of Union men, watching the slightest movement and catching every whisper, hoping thereby to learn something favorable to the rebel cause, which they may be able to turn to advantage.

This is the new town.

In a large orchard, belonging to Major Jackson, (a noted Secessionist,) between the old town and new, is located the government "corral," where are kept the horses, mules, and the necessary equipments for transportation. Every thing betokens the activity of a Government depot. Here is a large hay-house, filled to its utmost capacity, with a dozen men pressing and curing hay. Forage-masters issuing forage, men digging wells, ostlers cleaning and feeding horses, others breaking them to harness—all is bustle and work. There are no idle men here, and every man is required to do his whole duty.

Again we cross the bridge, the outer world is left behind, and we breathe the enchanted air of Sleepy Hollow.

THE NOTABLES.

One of the chief personages of the town, from the fact that he occupies the most modern residence in it, is ———, Esq., a self-styled aristocrat. His residence is situated a short distance from the road, the green surface of the beautiful yard in front of it being diversified with parterres of flowers, and clumps of ornamental shrubbery. The rooms of the dwelling are decorated with handsome and richly-carved furniture. Hanging from the walls, in frames of the most heavy and ornate description, are pictures, which glaring in color, betray mediocre ability in execution; plainly showing, that though the owner had wealth to purchase,

he had neither the ability to select, nor the education to appreciate works of art.

He approaches you with the obsequiousness of a Uriah Heep, and by his overstrained politeness, he seeks to propitiate you, and disguises his real sentiments by professing to be a Union man; which latter emotion he never felt, until he became satisfied the Federal arms would triumph in Western Virginia.

An attorney, he seeks alone in the lower paths of his profession for money, and never pants for glory in its higher walks; but like the old man in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, toiling continually amid the muck and mire of this sordid world, never raises his eyes to Heaven. He has no friends, not a generous thought or noble impulse, and cares only for self. Feared by his inferiors, of whom he has but few intellectually, and despised by his equals, it is only to be wondered that he does not despise himself.

'T is said, he occasionally shaves paper with the grace and ease of a Wall street broker, and with the rapacity of a Shylock, holds his debtor to the very letter of the bond.

Another of the notables is 'Squire W——, who claims to be a leading Union man. He is a meddlesome little body, always ready to quarrel, and his character was best described by himself when he informed us, "I have been fighting this community for twenty years." The 'Squire is exceed-

ingly pugnacious, and the man who dares differ with him, upon any subject, incurs his displeasure.

He is shiftless, has no idea of thriftiness, and takes great delight in interfering with the business of others.

He sustains the Government from principle, and from principle tries to make out of it all he possibly can. The 'Squire was fierce in his denunciations of those whose claims were exorbitant. They should not be paid; but he had a small claim of twenty-two hundred dollars, and as he was a Union man, it was but right it should be settled. It would have been a small fortune for him, and he would have been enabled to put in good order his farm, which for years had been only a common. For six months he worked faithfully to induce a Board of Claims to allow it; but to no purpose. Finally he appealed to the General commanding the Department, and it was referred to us. We measured the land, learned the real number of rails destroyed, and investigated the facts. Dire was the wrath of the 'Squire when he learned it was in our hands. All hopes of obtaining more than the loss sustained were at an end. He uncorked the vial of his wrath, and we were to feel its power. We made a report, and incurred his hatred for life, by recommending the payment to him of eight hundred dollars.

In his way, he professes to be a General Jackson; at least he supposed himself Jacksonian in

character; but those who knew him best say that his Jacksonianism is only the principle that predominates in the mule. It became necessary during the winter to use some of the churches for barracks. Two only, the Episcopal and Baptist, were not taken. The former had a pastor, and was all the town could boast, save the chaplain of a Virginia Cavalry Regiment, who to us seemed more like a Virginia Horse Jockey, than a teacher of the doctrines of the Bible. The 'Squire never liked the Episcopalians; they were a "stuck-up set," and too proud for him, and he would take the responsibility of having the church taken. One cold, blustering day in February, a company of Virginia Infantry marched into town, and without giving the Captain time to make a requisition on us for quarters, the 'Squire ordered the men to take possession of the Episcopal church, and they obeyed. In the discharge of our duty, it became necessary to speak to him in a decided manner. His ire was roused; there was to be no more peace for us, but our shoulders were broad, and we survived.

The boniface of the town deserves a passing notice. His political ambition no defeat can daunt, nor misfortune check. The political Wilkins Macawber, of Western Virginia, he is always waiting for something to turn up, in a political way; is always a candidate, with a certainty of success, but is sure of defeat. Slovenly in attire,

uncouth in manner, he is hardly a fair specimen of a Western Virginian, claiming to belong to "one of the first families."

Another individual, upon every lineament of whose face is written petty larceny, can be described in a few words; for as one of the old Greek philosophers described a cotemporary as a philosopher among fools, though a fool among philosophers, so is he a boor among gentlemen, though a gentleman among boors.

One of the notables, has not, inappropriately, been called the dog of his party. He is on all sides of every question, neither pig nor puppy, and is only noted for his lying propensities and cowardice. He does not even possess the boldness of the father of his family, —— Cain. These men are the representatives of their class. We would not convey the idea, that all resemble them, for beautiful flowers often grow among poisonous shrubs.

Mr. M——, Clerk of the Court, is a polished gentleman, possesses fine literary attainments, a cultivated taste, a high order of intellect, and his manner is remarkably winning. One of the master spirits of the Union party, he was among the first to take a stand in upholding the Federal Government, and enforcing the laws. To the rebels, he was obnoxious, they alleging that at his instigation many of them were arrested on the arrival of the Federal troops. Should the

rebels ever obtain possession of Western Virginia, his fate would be inevitably sealed. Esculapius has a disciple, who is justly entitled to the appellation of a "Virginia gentleman." Affable, courteous, of polished manners, despising the tittle tattle and petty slang, for which Clarksburg is noted, he is certainly an exception to those with whom, from our official position, we were obliged to come in contact. He has, however, but little energy, a trait with which but few of the citizens are blessed; for 'tis the fact that when a contract is made, and one of the stipulations require its performance next week, it means a year hence.

The shepherd of this godly flock, is the Rev. Mr. ——, formerly Rector of the Episcopal Church at B——, Penn., where he had a large congregation, which 'tis said he lost, in consequence of his Secession proclivities. He may have been wronged, for he took the oath on his arrival at Clarksburg, and does not omit the prayer for the President of the United States. He is a tall, cadaverous-looking man, with long, wavy black hair, considerably sprinkled with gray, has a full, sonorous voice, and his greatest recommendations are, that he preaches short sermons, pays short pastoral visits, and never interferes with the temporal affairs of his parishioners, a thing unprecedented in the religious history of the town.

Some idea can be formed as to the enterprise of the people, from the fact that a great deal of the

sidewalk was constructed from the proceeds of the suppers, given by the ladies for that purpose.

When the question as to the location of the Capitol of the proposed new State was discussed, Clarksburg entered the list, but no two men could agree as to where the public buildings should be erected. Fifty years ago, the people had more enterprise than have those of the present generation.

CHAPTER V.

IMPRESSING TEAMS.

On the retirement of General Scott from the command of the army, General McClellan was ordered to Washington, and Brigadier-General William S. Rosecrans, an able and accomplished soldier, the real hero of the war in Western Virginia, succeeded him in the command of that Department.

Proceeding to Clarksburg, he established his Headquarters, and commenced making preparations for his Kanawha Valley Campaign. We gave him possession of part of our office, and he encamped on a beautiful piece of ground, just east of it.

Claimants came from far and wide by hundreds, with their accounts, and presented them to him; among them very many whom we had refused to pay. The Secessionists were not backward. Although traitors, and favoring the rebellion, they had the unblushing effrontery to ask remuneration, for what they said had been taken from them.

A citizen of Clarksburg, claiming to be loyal, introduced one Lurty to the General, as his friend,

Brigadier-General W. S. Rosecrans.

whereupon he stated his grievances. The troops had taken possession of his residence at the commencement of the war, and converted it into a hospital, destroyed his fences, appropriated his corn, and materially damaged the whole property. He desired the damages assessed, and wished to know to whom he should apply. The General was not aware that he was a violent Secessionist, and had two sons in the rebel army. Turning to us, he said, "Captain Leib will attend to it." We knew Lurty had received no written orders to act in the matter, and as we were opposed to giving aid and comfort to the enemy, could never find time to attend to his case. He wrote to the General on the subject, the matter was referred to us, and our reply settled the affair definitely.

During the stay of the General, the town was filled with friends and relatives of soldiers, many of whom insisted upon being sent, at the public expense, to the regiments they desired to visit. Failing in this, they did not hesitate to express very unfavorable opinions of the Quartermaster; while some newspaper reporters took great pleasure in abusing us, roundly criticising our official conduct upon the representations of our enemies.

The bad condition of our horses was an endless theme for them. They did not know, nor was it our business to inform them, that we were daily exchanging good horses for those worn down in

the mountains, because the interests of the service was thereby subserved.

Having matured his plans, and perfected his arrangements, the General moved toward Gauley Bridge on the 31st of August. We were strongly attached to him, and expressed a wish to accompany his column, but were told, "Captain, there is work for you here; hard work; and your place can not be filled." We felt the compliment, but deplored the necessity that compelled us to remain.

We hurried forward supplies as he continued to advance. When the column reached Cross Lanes, Captain John G. Chandler, Chief Quartermaster in the field, telegraphed us to send, in addition to the daily supply of rations, sixty-five thousand extra, per week, until further orders. All our teams were on the road; on reaching Weston, on their return, they were again loaded by Captain H. C. Ransom, and returned to Headquarters.

There was but one thing for us to do: to impress citizen's teams into the service. Those who had been hauling for the Government positively refused to transport stores through a country where there was the least danger; though anxious to be employed to haul to Weston.

About the same time an order came to send to the column of General Reynolds, at Cheat Mountain, a large amount of Quartermaster and Commissary stores. He had with him the Seventh,

Ninth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Seventeenth Indiana; the Third, Sixth, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, and Thirty-second Ohio; the Second, and part of the Third Virginia regiments; Captain Albion P. Howe's battery, Loomis's Michigan and Daum's Virginia Artillery, and three companies of cavalry —Bracken's, company A, of Ohio, and Washington Cavalry, of Pennsylvania.

We were daily in the receipt of telegrams, such as we publish below:

Huttonville, Sept. 19, 1861.

CAPT. LEIB, CLARKSBURG:

Are you sending Beverly anything for us, or do you intend us to fight on empty stomachs.

J. J. REYNOLDS,
Brigadier General.

We replied:

Clarksburg, Sept. 19, 1861.

BRIG. GEN. J. J. REYNOLDS,
HUTTONVILLE, VA.

I sent, on Monday, twelve thousand (12,000) rations to Beverly. I am doing the best I can. My transportation has all been sent to Headquarters, and I am pressing teams. Be assured I will not let old Hoosier suffer.

CHAS. LEIB,
Capt. and A. Q. M.

The demands of both columns were urgent. At once we sent men into the country to hire teams,

and directed them if the farmers would not hire, to bring them any how.

When it became known we had directed their impressment the utmost excitement prevailed. Some men swore they would not, nor should their teams go. Our orders were imperative, and they *always came.* It became necessary in some instances to send a file of soldiers to bring in these stubborn "old Virginia Gentlemen," who felt their dignity insulted when informed, upon their refusal to hire, that their teams *must go.*

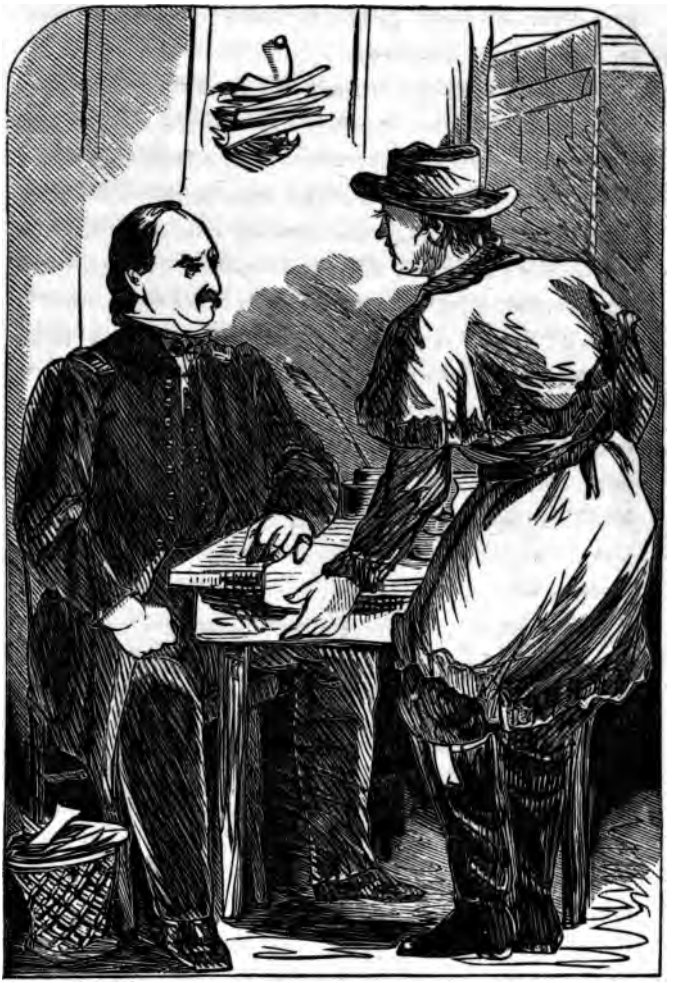
The Secessionists swore "like the army in Flanders," at the idea of working for the "d—d Lincoln government," while there were instances in which men tied their horses in the woods; and we know of one case in which one of them cut up a wagon-wheel, so determined was he upon that point. But he went; as we furnished a wagon-wheel for the trip.

Many were the fierce attacks made upon us, for having dared insist upon their teams going. It was no uncommon thing for some old Virginia gentleman to call upon us, and demand to know by what authority we had directed his team to be pressed. Scenes like the following would frequently take place:

"I want to see Captain Leib."

"I am he, sir."

"Well, Captain Leib, your men have pressed my team. It can't go."



"Your Men have Pressed my Team. It can't go."—P. 54.

"What is your name, sir?"

"My name is ———."

"Where do you live?"

"Up on Elk Creek."

"Are you a Union man?"

"Yes; one of the best in the country. I have done all the hauling I can for the Government, but this pressing Union men's teams is going to have a bad effect upon the cause."

"All I have to say, is, should Jeff. Davis and his army get in here, they would take your horses and wagons, strip your farm of everything, mayhap set fire to your residence, and not pay you one cent; while I will pay you for their use. Our troops have come here, from across the Ohio, to protect you—something you should be doing yourself. You know we have two armies in the field; one at Cheat Mountain, and one at Gauley Bridge. I am required to supply them; they want bread, and must have it. I am sorry to disoblige you; but your team must go."

"But, Captain."

"I have no time to discuss this matter. It is settled."

"It is mighty hard if a man can't do as he pleases with his own property."

"Good morning, sir." And we bowed him out.

Of the three hundred men whose teams we were compelled to impress, there was not one who did

not curse us during the time the impressment continued.

General Rosecrans advanced toward Gauley Bridge, and the teams were obliged to follow. The weather was very unfavorable, raining almost incessantly; the roads were cut up, and almost impassable; the country became more and more hilly, forage became scarce, and the private teamsters consoled themselves with the thought that they would soon return, and that neither the order of Captain Leib, nor the bayonets of the troops, could compel them to another such a trip.

Arrived at Gauley, they were obliged to remain for some time, as there was no transportation there, save the trains belonging to us, and they had gone forward with the column.

Stores were sent up the Kanawha by the steamboat load, and had to be transported to the different points above steamboat navigation, where they were required.

An officer, who was there, declared it was laughable to hear the impressed men, when seated round their camp-fires, curse the Gauley country, moan at being kept so long from their families, and come to the sage conclusion that the Quartermaster at Clarksburg was a great rascal for sending them so far from home, when he said Cross Lanes was their destination. They were certain we knew they were to be kept there.

Among those who appeared to take a deep interest in our success in obtaining teams, was an old fellow who was familiarly known as "Shade Hurst." He took great pleasure in informing our agents who of his neighbors had fine horses and wagons, and would chuckle when, much against their will, they were taken to town.

Shade was playing a strong game. He had plenty of good teams, and was endeavoring to make fair weather with the agents of the Government, so that he would not be called upon for them. Besides, Shade was a quarrelsome man, and was always at law with some of his neighbors, most of whom he owed a grudge which he was thus endeavoring to pay.

But murder will out. It came to the knowledge of Colonel Runnion, our Chief of Transportation, that Shade was in a position to do the Government some service, although he bitterly denied it. The Colonel informed him that we desired him at our office, and he came.

"Mr. Hurst," said we, "you have good horses and wagons—the Government wants to hire them."

"You are mistaken, Captain; I haven't got any."

"Your neighbors say you have, and I want them to go to Gauley."

"Maybe, my neighbors know what I've got better than I do."

"I guess not, Mr. Hurst; I am satisfied they have not misrepresented you."

"My son has teams, but I have none."

"We will not discuss that matter. You have them, and I want them. You will remain here until you send an order for the teams. Colonel Runnion, please order Mr. Hurst's stallion put into the stable. On second thought, I will have him hitched in a two-wheeled ambulance, and ride a few miles into the country, while Mr. Hurst decides whether he will write the order for his teams."

If there was one thing on earth more than another Shade loved, it was his stallion, and he almost cried as he said, "For God's sake, Captain, do n't hitch up my stallion; I 'd rather you 'd take my wife; I 'll bring you all the teams you want."

"Very well, you can go; but I 'll expect you here by to-morrow evening, with one at least. If you don 't come, I 'll order a file of men to go for it."

At seven o'clock the next morning, he was at our office, ready to go to work; was sent to the mountains, and did not return for more than a month.

Those employed in the Cheat Mountain line fared better. Whenever a train would return, a dozen would slip home and remain for a few days. The utmost vigilance was required to keep their

accounts correctly, for they would claim pay for the time thus absent. When finally discharged, they hung around our office like so many cormorants, and insisted on being paid, although they knew we had not a dollar at that time. After some time we received a treasury draft for seventy-one thousand dollars, and a check for ten thousand. The whole country at once learned the fact, and the men came in droves to receive their pay. Like a swarm of bees, they congregated about the office door, reminding one very much of a scene about the polls on election day in the city of New York, when a line was not formed, and every man was struggling to vote first.

The process of payment was necessarily slow. Each account had to be critically examined, and duplicate receipts given upon the pay-roll. When night came, we had disbursed six thousand dollars, and the crowd dispersed, grumbling and dissatisfied, that they had not all received what was due them. Until every dollar was paid, the rush continued. Men who growled, grumbled, and denounced us, and who would offer the clerks and messenger money to "get in next," would declare the instant they were paid, the Quartermaster was a clever fellow after all. Most of these men realized more in two months from the impressment of their teams by the Government, than it was possible for them to make by a year's labor, out

of their dilapidated looking, unproductive, half-cultivated farms. According to the account of some of those who were paid at Gauley Bridge, they had not been paid in full. They applied to us to make up the deficiency, and declining to do so, we were of course handsomely abused. A few acknowledged they had been overpaid, but did not propose to refund the overplus to us, nor to the Quartermaster there. About the middle of October, a telegram was received from Camp Scott which afforded us infinite pleasure:

CAPT. LEIB, A. Q. M., CLARKSBURG.

General Rosecrans has concluded to commence the transportation of supplies for this column by way of the Kanawha. By this, we shall save some thirty-five miles land transportation, which is important for many reasons. I shall give you notice of the change; do nothing until you hear further, and send on as usual.

J. G. CHANDLER,
Assistant Quartermaster.

In a few days, the order came from the Captain, and with it a notice that he was obliged to take some of our trains.

With so much rapidity had supplies been sent to General Reynolds by Captain Ransom, Assistant Quartermaster at Grafton, and ourself, that by the time winter set in, he had almost enough to last until the roads became passable in the spring.

During December and January, we were overrun with applications for hauling, by the men whose teams we had impressed, all of them declaring they wanted to do all they could for the Government. It was a profitable business, and they were offended because their wishes could not be consulted. "Šich is life."

CHAPTER VI.

AN INDIGNATION MEETING.

During the third quarter of 1861, the number of employees connected with our post, in the capacity of clerks, mechanics, laborers, wagonmasters, and teamsters, was nearly seven hundred. The teamsters were mostly rowdies and wharf rats from the Ohio river cities, who were too cowardly to enlist, too lazy to labor, and came to Virginia with the expectation of having a good time, and plundering "Secesh" property. Nothing but the absolute necessities of the service induced us to keep them, although sent by the agents of ranking officers. We incurred the displeasure of a brother officer by sending away twenty-six fellows who were worthless and unfit for any service. Very few were familiar with horses, and did not even know how to harness them.

For some time, there had not been a dollar of money either in the Department or at our post. The employees became uneasy, distrustful, and dissatisfied. They feared for their pay, while crowds of claimants were daily besieging us to have a time fixed when their claims could be settled.

A set of sharpers and sharks from Pennsylvania, headed by a fellow named Hogg, who had furnished horses for two companies of cavalry, although knowing we had no money, hung around like so many horse-leeches, crying give, give, give! Hogg bullied every person in his section of country, and tried to bully us, but failed. He announced that *he* would make Captain Leib pay his claim at once, and came to our office for that purpose.

"Captain, I have a large claim against you, and it must be paid."

"Who are you, sir?"

"My name is Hogg: George E. Hogg."

"Oh! yes; you 're of the firm of Hogg and Brading."

"Yes, I am. I 've waited since last June for the money, and now I mean to have it."

"You shall be paid as soon as I receive the money."

"When will that be?"

"As soon as I get it."

"Well, one thing is certain, I shan 't leave here until I get my money."

"That 's a good idea, Mr. Hogg. Clarksburg is a good place to stay, and boarding is cheap."

"One thing is certain, if I don 't get my pay soon, I 'll telegraph General Rosecrans. I don 't intend to be fooled any longer.

"I would do so, if I were in your place. I 've

no doubt the General will be delighted to hear from you."

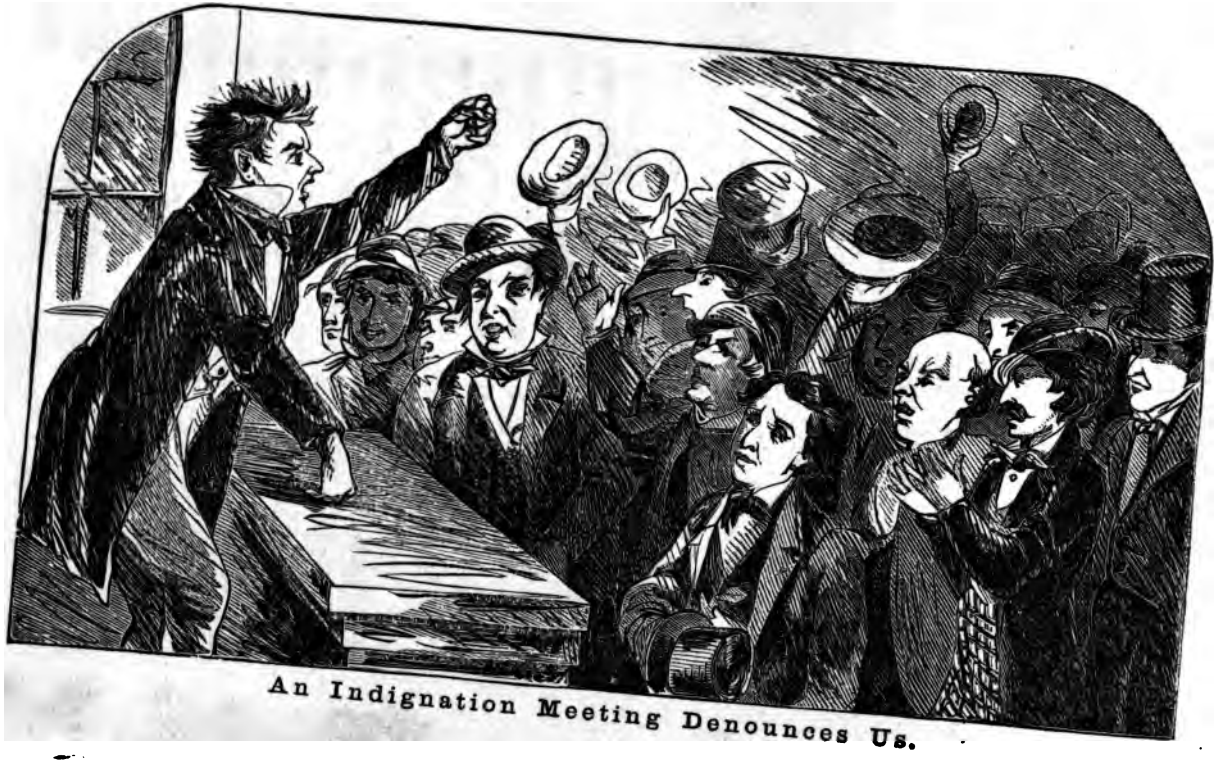
"What do you mean, sir?"

"Just what I say."

"Well, I want my money, and won't leave without it, that's certain. It seems strange you can't pay so small an amount."

"Mr. Hogg, I have already said you shall be paid as soon as I get money. If you think you can bully me, you are mistaken in the man. I'm very busy this morning; good day, sir."

Mr. Hogg waited for some time, but finally left, declaring he never wanted to go to Clarksburg as long as Captain Leib was Quartermaster. The men murmured, and it was insinuated that we had money but would not pay them. Strong men, to whom the Government was justly indebted, would come to our office weeping, and beg for God's sake to give them money, their families had nothing to eat, and they were ragged or nearly so. We sympathized with but could not assist them. Captain John List, of Wheeling, happening at Clarksburg, learned the peculiar position in which we were placed, and generously offered to loan us all the money required. After consulting General Rosecrans, who knew our wants, we borrowed sixty-five hundred dollars, giving our note therefor, which was indorsed by the General. The money was disbursed, and we received three thousand dollars more from Captain List, and other



An Indignation Meeting Denounces Us.

smaller sums from personal friends in the town. Most of the money was of the Wheeling banks, which was at that time at a discount, but those to whom it was paid disposed of it at par. Humanity dictated this course, and all we received for supplying their pressing wants was abuse from men with whom we never had any business, and did not know, and claimants whom we could not pay. The newspapers charged that we were speculating with Government funds, exchanging gold and silver for uncurrent paper money, thereby swindling the Government employees. It was a matter of no importance to us. The department at Washington knew we had not a dollar of Government money. The commanding General knew the facts, and we would not answer to the community so contemptible a charge. It was discussed at the corners of the streets, in bar-rooms, and in stores, where loafers were in the habit of congregating. While the excitement was at its greatest height, Hon. John S. Carlile, United States Senator, visited Clarksburg, his former residence, but now a citizen of Wheeling. He was the master spirit of the Union movement in Western Virginia. The evening of his arrival he was serenaded, and responded in a speech of some length, in reply to the call of a large number of people who had assembled in front of the residence of the gentleman whose guest he was. We were attracted thither by the sound of the music, and to our sur-

prize the Senator attacked without naming us; advised the people, if they had grievances, to hold a public meeting, state them, and "expose unfaithful public servants."

The speech gave great satisfaction, and the following day strenuous efforts were made to get up an indignation meeting, but it failed.

The next night, the few who took an active part in the matter, induced a large number of persons to assemble at the Court House, who, after effecting an organization, passed a preamble and resolutions; but the proceedings were not published, as the president and secretary refused to sign them. The gist of one resolution was, as we were informed by parties present at the meeting, that the treatment of the people by the Quartermaster, and his refusal to purchase oats, corn, and hay, would, they feared, have the effect to weaken the Union sentiment of Harrison county.

From the hour we took charge until relieved from duty, we could not find time, during business hours to discuss crops, weather, the war, and the probability of a speedy settlement of the difficulties—some, or all of which, for the first three months, many persons expected us to do. They were in the habit of doing so in the office of the County Clerk, and in the shops and stores of the town, and could not understand, why they should not do the same thing in the Quartermaster's office; or why, when we had answered their questions,

and they continued to hang round, making inquiries having no relation to business, we should ask them:

"Have you any other business with me?"

"No, sir."

"You'll excuse me, then; I'm very busy. Good morning, sir," and bow them out.

To the indignation meeting we paid no attention; and when the facts which led to it became known, the men who were active in getting it up, did not hesitate to say, that they had been misled and misinformed, and had done us gross injustice. At a subsequent period, Senator Carlile visited Clarksburg, acknowledged to us he had been mistaken, and urged us not to ask to be relieved from duty there. He sent the following telegram to the Secretary of War, we adding an appendix:

Clarksburg, October 26, 1861

HON. SIMON CAMERON, SEC'Y OF WAR,
WASHINGTON.

Will write you fully on my return to Wheeling. Perhaps it would be well to make no change here, until you have seen what I will write.

JOHN S. CARLILE.

Senator Carlile requests me to send this telegram. He is anxious I should remain here, and is

satisfied great injustice has been done me. I do not desire to remain where I have been so grossly slandered. I expect every day to be relieved.

CHAS. LEIB,

Captain and Assistant Quartermaster.

Upon his return to Wheeling he wrote the Secretary, protesting against our relief; it never came.

The scenes which transpire in the Quartermaster's office are at times exceedingly ludicrous. We will give a few from our own experience.

Enter, a farmer, arrayed in all the glory of copper colored jeans, with one leg of his pantaloons in the top of his boot, an old white slouched hat stuck on the back of his head, hands in his pockets, an immense quid of tobacco between his jaws, with the juice running from the corners of his mouth.

"Is Captain Leib about?"

"Yes, sir. I'm he."

"Well, Captain, I've got a bill agin the Goverment, I want you to settle."

"What is it for."

"Why, a lot of things the solgers tuck, when General Rosemycrans went to the Gauly Bridge."

"Let me look at it?"

We give the bill verbatim:

CAPTAIN LIBB, United States,

	To ENOCK SEEBS,	dr
tu 17 turkes tuck by solgers	20	00
ditto 31 chicens	5	00
ditto 1 caf kild	5	00
ditto 2 piggs	16	00
	46	00

"I can't pay that bill. I have nothing to do with subsistence. If it had been for hay or oats, and I were satisfied the articles had been furnished, I might pay for them."

"I've got a bill for a stack of hay, but I thought I would like to get this money fust."

"You must go to Lieutenant Allen, the Commissary. He may pay it, but I think it doubtful."

"I were at Mr. Allen's office, and axed for him, but they said he were gone to Cincinnatti on a tower, and I thought I'd make out the bill to you."

"I'm sorry, but I can't pay you. Are you a Union man."

"Yes, I am; and there ai'nt many of us neither, where I live.

"Where is that?"

"Out in the neighborhood of Braxton. Look here, Cap, if you'll just pay this bill I'll give you two dollars and a half."

"Do you want to insult me?"

"No: I only want to give you two dollars and a half, if you'll pay my bill."

"I can not pay it."

"All I've got to say, if that's the way you're going to do, I sha'nt be a Union man any more."

"Good morning, sir."

Like many more, his loyalty depended upon what he could make out of the Government.

Our messenger, one day, brought us a card, upon which was handsomely engraved,

"Col. ———,"

and said "the gentleman wishes to see you, if you are disengaged."

"Show him in."

He presented a letter of introduction from an officer, who recommended him as a man of position and character, who had something to communicate of interest to the service.

"Be seated, sir."

He took a seat; after conversing on ordinary topics a few moments, remarked, "You have a fine warehouse and magnificent stables, Captain."

"Yes, sir."

"How many horses and mules have you now?"

"About seventeen hundred."

"You must use a great deal of forage."

"I do."

"Where do you get it from?"

"Most of it from Capt. Craig, at Parkersburg, though I purchase considerable here."

"I have been furnishing some of the Quarter-

masters, and learning you used a great deal, thought I 'd come here, and see if I could not get a contract, to furnish you; I think I can make a satisfactory arrangement."

"What kind of an arrangement?"

"Of course, this is confidential."

"Certainly."

"I will divide the profits with you."

"Will you; how much can be made?"

"It depends on the amount of forage you purchase. If you will permit me to furnish all you want, we can make a good thing of it."

"Colonel ———, I am here to protect the interests of the Government and not to swindle it. You can 't have a contract from me for anything. The sooner you leave my office the better I will be pleased."

"But, Captain."

"Good morning; I have no time to talk to you."

He left, and we have not seen him since. At home, he is said to be a respectable citizen, and stands high as a man of business. No doubt he is ready at any moment to get up an indignation meeting against us.

Here is a lady, with a note from Governor Dennison, of Ohio, who states that she has two sons in the army, whom she is desirous of visiting, and requests us to furnish her transportation.

"Where are your sons, madam?"

"They 're with General McClellan; they 're the only two boys I 've got, and when the war broke out I told 'em to 'list and do their duty; but I couldn 't stand it any longer, not to see them; so I told the old man he must take care of the children, and I went to Columbus, and got this letter from the Govenor. He 's a mighty nice man."

"How old are your sons, madam?"

"One 's twenty-one, and the other is jest nineteen."

"I am sorry, madam, but I can not give you transportation."

"Can 't you send me up in a wagon? The Govenor said he guessed you would."

"No, madam, I am prohibited from doing so; besides, women are not permitted to follow the army."

"I don 't care whether the General likes it or not, I 'm bound to see my boys, and I know they want to see their mammy."

"If you are determined to go, you had better take the stage."

"I haven't got money enough to get home if I do, but I 'm going, if I have to walk."

We admired the patriotic devotion that induced her to urge her sons to volunteer, and yet more the filial affection which would induce her to walk twenty-eight miles, over the mountains, in an enemy's country, to visit them, and gave her three dollars to pay her stage fare. The same day,

a supply train left for Buckhannon, and telling the Wagonmaster her story, he permitted her to ride. When the train reached its destination, we were telegraphed by the Chief Quartermaster, to permit no more women to come up on Government trains, as they were not wanted. Although the Wagonmaster had violated our orders in permitting her to ride, we could not discharge him.

CHAPTER VII.

TRIALS OF THE QUARTERMASTER.

WHO wouldn't be a Quartermaster? said a friend, seated, one morning, for an hour in our office, watching the continual stream of persons coming in and going out, asking five hundred questions upon as many different subjects, and finding fault because they could not be gratified in every particular.

One would not work longer unless his wages were raised; another called to say, he could not haul us any more hay until we would have a broken bridge repaired; this man has lost his dog—our Chief Carpenter has taken him up, and he wants an order for his delivery; that one desires to borrow a pair of horses and a wagon, to haul coal for a few days; a young lady is anxious to visit her friends in the country, and is sure the Captain will loan her a horse, he has so many; a field officer wants to "draw a horse," and is indignant because we inform him that officers must furnish their own, and swears the regulations allow him three; a Quartermaster desires to turn over a lot of broken-down, worn out, worthless horses, which, three

months ago, he receipted to us for in good condition, and wants us to return his receipts, and take the horses; a farmer insists on borrowing "a gun" until the war is over—he is a good Union man, and Mr. G——— will indorse him, which to us is no recommendation.

Mr. G———, in our eyes, occupies an unenviable position. Bland, smooth, always ready to do a favor if he can thereby make ten per cent.; he is one of the Union leaders, who, at the commencement of the war, opposed taking ground for either party, fearing his property might be confiscated. He always has a few claims to collect, for which, of course, he charges nothing; and his position is such, that his property, which is his God, is safe, it matters not which party succeeds.

Here we have a man who has an account against one of our teamsters.

"Captain, I have an account against one of your teamsters for thirty dollars."

"Why don't you collect it?"

"Because he says you havn't paid him for two months."

"He will be paid as soon as I receive the money."

"I have been trying for six months to get this bill paid, but he always has some excuse. If you'll take the account and hold back the thirty dollars, I'll give you ten per cent."

"I have no right to do so, and if I had, would not; I 'm not a shaver."

"But, Captain, if you would tell him that I'm a particular friend of yours, and tell him he must pay the bill, he would do it. I'll take some every month."

"I can not do so. I'm an agent of the Government, and not for private individuals."

"But you might do this for me. I have always been your friend, and stood up for you when you were abused."

"I'm obliged to you for that; but I have no friends so far as duty is concerned."

"Well, if you won't do it, you and I are two. I'll sue him, and garnishee you."

"I have no objections; but I'll not recognize the garnishee."

"If that's the way Union men are to be treated by the Government, I say d—n the Government."

"Leave my office, or I'll send you to the guard-house."

He left, and was ever after our bitter enemy.

It frequently happened that regiments, when on the march, were compelled to abandon horses worn down, and unable to proceed further. The people along the roads were always on the alert to pick up such horses; but were never anxious to return them to the Government.

The U. S. branded upon the fore shoulder always

betrayed them, and horses were frequently recovered.

Every wagonmaster and teamster in our employ, was directed to inquire for abandoned Government property; and the result was, we "took up" a large amount.

Whenever a person, having such property, would report the facts to us, he was remunerated for his trouble and care; but when an attempt was made to keep it from our knowledge, we would take it and pay nothing. Such cases were of frequent occurrence, and did not tend to increase our popularity.

One Adams, residing on Hacker's Creek, where a number of Secessionists were in the habit of meeting, took a horse, with the intention, doubtless, of keeping him. He knew the horse belonged to the Government; but, like many others, wanted to make all he could out of the war.

Learning the fact, we sent a wagonmaster for the horse, and Adams finding himself caught, delivered him up, but was importunate for remuneration for his keeping.

It was one of the cases which came under the rule of the law, with reference to appropriating property belonging to others, and no attention was paid to his letters.

Finally, a clerk in the Department, received the following note:

MR. STEEL:

SIR—Being acquainted with you, and also a relative by marriage with your first wife, I ask it as a favor, if you will assist me in getting the above account. If the account is not made out in form, make one out that is, and send it to me, and I will prove the account if it is necessary. My reason for asking you to help me in this matter is, I am, or used to be, personally acquainted with you, etc. If I am not mistaken, you married Eunice Carder, and I married Edith Earle. Perhaps you will recollect me, and render me all the assistance you can, because we are relations.

Your friend,

J. W. ADAMS.

February 5, 1862.

Notwithstanding this touching appeal, Adams never received pay.

The latter part of June, one West, of Western Pennsylvania, arrived at Clarksburg with a company of cavalry. He was authorized by the Secretary of War, he informed us, to raise the company, and the horses were to be appraised, and paid for by the Government. General McClellan issued an order for their appraisement, and the Commandant of the Post appointed a Board for that purpose. Without authority for so doing, the Board also appraised the saddles, some of which were worthless, and the Commandant of the Post,

Colonel T. S. Stanley, Eighteenth Ohio, gave the owners of the horses certificates as to their value, and setting forth that they were delivered to the Assistant Quartermaster; which was false in fact, as we never, for a single moment, had them in our possession, and not constructively so for months afterward. The owners wanted their money. The horses were not in our possession. We had not the Captain's receipt for them, nor yet an order for their payment.

The General commanding was appealed to, the order for payment given; but the receipts were not forthcoming, and we refused to pay. A storm of indignation followed, and we found ourselves in the newspapers, with such representations as to our character, that, had we not been named, those who knew us most intimately, would not have recognized the picture. They were not paid until the receipts came, and when the last left Clarksburg we breathed a wish that we would not again be tortured by having to do business with such a set of sharks.

A DISPATCH FROM GOVERNOR PIERPONT.

Wheeling, September 16, 1861.

CAPTAIN LEIB, A. Q. M.

Colonel Ford, of Ohio, is here with a regiment, en route for General Reynolds. His Quartermaster

has no money. Can you assist him. Answer immediately.

F. H. PIERPONT.

We liked Tom Ford, and knew how difficult it would be to march through Western Virginia without funds. We had not a dollar, and it was evident we were applied to as a dernier resort. The money could be raised by giving our note; and forgetting that we had determined not to again pledge our credit, borrowed a thousand dollars and "turned it over" to the Quartermaster, and sent the Thirty-second Ohio on their way rejoicing. Governor Pierpont was delighted at the prompt manner in which we responded to his wishes, and sometime after ordered his pet regiment, the First Virginia Cavalry, to Clarksburg. The Colonel, Henry Anisansel, had been a Lieutenant in a Cavalry company in the three months' service, and had distinguished himself as a dashing officer. In Western Virginia, as in every other State, men were appointed to office, and especially in the Quartermaster's department, who are not capable of discharging the duties of the position. It was so in the case of the Quartermaster of this regiment, and unfortunately he had not the ability to learn. The Colonel appointed a second Quartermaster, while the Governor commissioned a third. These officers were all anxious to act, and willing to receipt for Government property. Num-

ber one was waiting the acceptance of his resignation; number two was in charge of the Quartermaster's property, and number three was trying to get possession of it, and had received money for the use of his regiment, from the Chief Quartermaster, as will be seen by the following, in reply to an inquiry made:

Wheeling, January 14, 1862.

CAPT. C. LEIB, A. Q. M.

Bonsal's receipts are about as good as any of that regiment. I transferred funds to him, as he held a commission.

J. G. CHANDLER,

Capt. and A. Q. M.

Like a number of other Virginia regiments, it was composed principally of men from Ohio and Pennsylvania; but many of the officers knew not their duty, nor did they manifest a disposition to learn it; while others were capable, brave and chivalric. While at Clarksburg, they were well provided with comfortable quarters, and their every request granted. When ordered to New Creek, the men went with the expectation of being made at least as comfortable as they then were, but disappointment awaited them. It was in the latter part of January, the weather horrible, and they obliged to go into camp with no stables for

their horses. The men thought they could not stand it, and we were telegraphed.

New Creek, January, 1862.

CAPTAIN CHARLES LEIB:

Here I am without shelter, but ordinary tents. Can you find us Sibley tents, and stoves? If *you* can not, we will give it up.

H. ANISANSEL,
Colonel 1st Virginia Cavalry.

New Creek was then out of the Department, and we *did* not send them.

If those who are so eager to find fault with Quartermasters, and charge them with not doing their duty, could but take their places for a single week, or act at a post where there is a large amount of business transacted, even for a single day, for very shame they would blush at having been guilty of such gross injustice to a class of men, upon the faithful discharge of whose duties great results often depend. A citizen of Cincinnati, Alf. Burnet, who visited Clarksburg, gave, in one of the papers of that city, the following account of a visit to Clarksburg:

"*Camp at Clarksburg*, October 29, 1861.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY PRESS:

"Par invitation," I have just run down to this encampment to "see what I could see." Clouds of

snow lie about the sunset; the leaves rustle by with the breeze.

The camp is comparatively deserted; one United States battery, and a few companies, being all that are deemed at present essential to hold this point. Many are, however, near at hand, so that, in case of necessity, there can be thrown into this place thousands of men.

Company K, Colonel Dunning's Regiment, under Captain Jackson, is still here. I noticed them upon drill, and they went through their evolutions in splendid style. The boys were in excellent spirits, having just received information of General Kelley's success at Romney.

A visit to the immense storehouse, erected under the superintendence of Captain Leib, for the safe-keeping of the army supplies, is worth a day's journey alone. The Captain is using his utmost endeavors to keep the house as empty as possible, by sending off to all the regiments the winter-apparel and quartermaster's stores.

Charlie Leib, or Captain Leib, is a peculiar and almost indescribable specimen of humanity. A portly, robust, jolly, unassuming-looking specimen of a Western man. No gewgaws—no red tape. Colonels, Majors, and Quartermasters enter frequently, and inquire:

"Is Captain Leib here?"

"I am he," is the reply.

Many, thus coming first into his presence, are

astonished; and Colonel Marrow told me, in giving a description of the Captain, that he fully expected to meet a "very tiger," but was much astonished to find a thorough business man. The reason Leib is so defamed is this: he is constantly employed; having hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of Government property to pass through his hands weekly. Ignorant Colonels, and Captains, and Quartermasters arrive here, and hand in requisitions improperly made out. One wants a thousand coats, another a thousand blankets and shoes, or a hundred horses.

Here's the style of talk:

Enter a Colonel or Quartermaster. "I want a thousand overcoats. Have you got them?"

"Yes, sir: yes, sir."

Colonel, or Quartermaster. "I also want eight hundred pairs of socks, and the same of shoes."

"All right," says Leib; "hand me your requisition."

Here he is presented with a document of no earthly account; ignorantly made out, no head nor tail; perhaps lacking the proper signatures.

Leib refuses to furnish the articles without the proper vouchers. The consequence is, Leib is cursed from "Dan to Beersheba" by "*ignorant* men," because, forsooth, he refuses to give out articles until he himself is made safe in so doing. These men return to their regiment and curse Leib, in order to shift the responsibility, when, if the truth

were told, they themselves are to blame. I will venture to say, and I have it from those who know him well, that he never yet has refused to fill a requisition that was properly made out, and he had the articles.

I paid a visit to the "yard," where there are now, in splendid order, *seventeen hundred horses* and mules. These are under the Captain's care.

The yards are kept very clean, and the animals are now luxuriating upon oats and corn—a sight that will not greet their eyes long after they leave his supervision.

Colonel Desparde's residence—a beautiful palatial homestead—is situated directly oppósite this *hos*tile place. The Colonel don't like the ani*mules* being in such close quarters; but Uncle Sam is heedless of such peculiarities of individuals, and Colonel Desparde is submissive, having a short time since been accused of Secession proclivities."

THE SNAKE HUNTERS.

When General McClellan first moved to Western Virginia, he authorized one John Baggs, of Belmont County, Ohio, who claimed to be familiar with every cow-path and hunter's trail in the department, to raise a company of forty men, to act as scouts. This he soon succeeded in doing, and his company was composed of as brave, yet uncouth and ragged, set of men as were ever mus-

tered into the service of Uncle Sam. When Baggs first made his appearance in Western Virginia, his dress would have done honor to Bloody Nathan, in Nick of the Woods, but soon his whole appearance was changed. His company dubbed themselves the "Snake Hunters," and never either gave or asked quarters of the bush-whackers. They were known far and wide as "Baggs' thieves." The Captain and his men were devoted to each other, and woe to him who incurred their displeasure. Their name was a terror to Secessionists, and many were the desperate efforts made to entrap them, but with no success. One sultry day in July, a tall, rough-looking, ill-dressed personage, having the appearance of a foot-pad, came stalking into our office, and walking up to our desk, said:

"Captain Leib, I want two wagons and horses for my company."

"Your company? Who are you?"

"I am Captain Baggs."

"Who is Captain Baggs?"

"He is Captain of Baggs' independent scouts—the Snake Hunters. Our principal business is to hunt up and run down the Secession varmints, who are shooting down Union men whenever they get a chance."

"You may be a good man, Captain Baggs, but you're a hard-looking customer. If you're the captain, I would like to see your privates."

"The boys do look pretty hard, but you'd look hard, too, if you'd been living on huckleberries and birch-bark for a month, and had to crawl on your belly to save your life, as my Snake Hunters had to do."

"Have you been doing that?"

"I haven't been doing nothing else. We've been where gilt-edged soldiers daren't go, no thanks to red tape and shoulder-straps. Captain Leib, I think you are a darned sensible man, to go without brass buttons. They would spile the oldest hand in the business."

"You are a plain-spoken man, Captain Baggs."

"So every body says. But look here, Cap, I want them teams."

"Well, sir, you can't have them."

"I don't care a cuss whether I get them or not. My men can do without them, as they have been doing ever since this war began. I'm for the Government, barefooted or shod."

"Are you a commissioned officer?"

"Of course, I am."

"If you had the proper papers, you could get the wagons and horses: as it is, you can not have them."

"Why, damn your buttons, I've got the papers straight from Gineral McClellan. Here they are."

"All right. You can get the teams."

"No wonder, Cap., you were shy of me. I know I look like the devil, but I haven't been to the tailor-shop for some time."

Having got his teams, the Captain left, swearing we were a bully Quartermaster.

Just before going into the fight at Cross Lanes, he addressed his men as follows:

"Snake Hunters! there's going to be a fight. Go in, you thieves! You have no characters to lose or win. If you don't kill some of the Secesh, you ought to be killed. You have no characters at home, and if you're killed it would be no sacrifice, and nobody will cry after you. You and I both have come here to hold up the Government, and without it we're nothing. Whisky and the Government is our pride. Every body says you are thieves. It may be true, but we defy a lady to say we ever insulted her. We're the oldest company in the three year service in Western Virginia. Who first came to the rescue of the loyal people of Nichols, Braxton, and Greenbrier? Why, Captain John Baggs and his Snake Hunters—who never stole nothing from nobody. Your lives are worth more to you than to anybody else. When I give the word, pitch in with a yell. We'll all take a drink!"

CHAPTER VIII.

ARREST OF THE "SECESH."

THE Union men of Western Virginia are vindictive and unforgiving. Without being able to assign a reason for so doing, and without thought, hundreds of men declared for Secession, left their homes at the approach of the Federal troops, believing that their triumph would be followed by the immediate execution of every man who had voted for the ordinance of Secession. In the mountain counties, where the people are almost wholly uneducated, the leaders so excited their fears, that they fled at the approach of our soldiery as though fleeing from death. When they found they had been deceived, very many desired to return, and expressed a willingness to take the oath of allegiance, and to support the Government in good faith. This met with determined opposition from Union men, who too often gratified their private piques by causing the arrest of their neighbors, who upon examination were frequently discharged, the evidence against them being insufficient to warrant their detention. Men who, before the rebellion, had no position, socially or politically, suddenly loomed into importance, arrogated

to themselves leadership in the Union movement, for which they were not fitted by nature or education, and claimed to be exponents of the Union sentiment. Pot-house politicians aspired to prominent positions, and their ambition was frequently gratified for want of better material. The policy inaugurated by General McClellan, and adopted by General Rosecrans when he assumed command, of not interfering with or molesting persons who did not take up arms against the Government, or give "aid and comfort to the enemy," met their unqualified condemnation, and they appeared determined no man who ever entertained a Secession thought should repent his error. We have a case in point. E. W. Patton was a leading man in Harrison County. Although possessing little education, he is blessed with strong common sense, and is, we are informed, a devoted friend and a good hater. A politician, he possessed the confidence of his party, and was a favorite leader. In an evil hour he embraced the odious doctrine of Secession, and proclaimed it from the stump. When the troops arrived at Clarksburg, many of his friends were arrested. Patton residing at Milford, a few miles distant, being informed he was a "marked man," left home, and proceeded to the Greenbriar country, with the intention, as he declared, of returning as soon as the excitement was allayed. Shortly after, the battles of Laurel Hill and Rich Mountain were fought, and he was pre-

vented from doing so. After several months, he wrote to his relative, Hon. Charles S. Lewis, ex-Member of Congress, who submitted us the letter, and desired to know if we thought the military authorities would permit him to return, were he to take the oath of allegiance. We could not answer the question, but remarked, if he was not sincere he would be a dangerous man. We are permitted to give the following extract from the letter:

"Since the beginning of hostilities, I have occupied a strictly neutral position, never having aided either party, in any shape or form. I have been, as before stated, in the Southern States ever since I left home, but the reason I left and am now here, has also been fairly stated. I voted at the election for the ordinance of Secession. My object in now writing you, is to procure through you, from the Commander of the Federal forces in Western Virginia, a 'pass,' that will enable me to return to my home and family among you. Every interest I have in the world, social, civil, and political, is united, and indissolubly bound up, with the people of Western Virginia; and, in the language of one of old, 'Thy God is my God, thy people are my people, where thou goest I will go, where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried.' Occupying the position you know I do, why should I not return, and that soon? You now have it in your power to confer upon me such a favor as it is

seldom one man can confer upon another. Yes, you can restore me to my home, to my wife and little children, who are in constant need of support and assistance from me, and who can not possibly pass the approaching winter without my assistance, or some other equally efficient aid. Will you do it? Can you refuse when my all is at stake? Won't you act, and that immediately, and grant me relief? The statement here made is strictly correct, and I would be willing to append my affidavit thereto.

"Your cousin,

"E. W. PATTON."

A week later, Patton made his appearance in Clarksburg, and the whole town was in a fever of excitement. Although he announced he had taken the oath before Colonel John G. Kelley, at Grafton, who had administered it by order of Brigadier General Kelley, commanding the district of Grafton, the meddlesome ones denounced him as a traitor and spy, and, at their instance, Patton was arrested by the Commandant of the Post, when he produced the certificate of Colonel Kelley that he had taken the oath, and was entitled to the protection of the military authorities. Their curses were loud and deep. At first the document was pronounced a forgery; General Kelley was telegraphed upon the subject, and when his reply came Patton was discharged. It was resolved he

"We were only Hunting Squirrels."—Page 93.

should leave the country; a committee was appointed to notify him of the fact, but, as in other instances, after passing high sounding resolutions, and making boisterous speeches, the whole matter was permitted to sleep, each member of the committee depending upon the other to act, and all of them saying they could not find time from their business to do so. Having a personal difficulty a few months after, upon a frivolous pretext he was again arrested, and almost immediately discharged.

The Secessionists arrested in arms, in the mountain counties, presented a woe-begone and miserable appearance. Taught to believe they were performing a sacred duty they owed their cause, by shooting the friends of the Government, and appropriating their property, they skulked about the country, stealing horses and cattle, picking off pickets, and shooting from behind the rocks and bushes along the high roads all who bore the semblance of Union men—a most unnatural and cowardly species of warfare.

When arrested with arms in hand, they were, according to their accounts, the most innocent, as well as the most abused, of men. Not one of them ever purposed doing any harm.

On being interrogated as to their object in being armed, their invariable reply was:

"We were only hunting squirrels."

They were mostly unshaven and unshorn,

presenting a filthy appearance, and were attired in the most heterogeneous and primeval manner, for Western Virginia is truly a museum of old clothes.

We would occasionally receive letters of the following character from officers at camps, where Secession prisoners were confined:

HEADQUARTERS O. V., U. S. A.,
Camp Chase, December 5, 1861.

QUARTERMASTER AT CLARKSBURG:

SIR—H. T. Martin, who is a prisoner at this place, had sent to him a carpet-bag containing clothes, and which, he says, is detained by you until his trial shall occur. If this be the case, such a course only compels the Governor to furnish him while here. Nothing is sent into the prison without an examination, and only when found unobjectionable. You will please, therefore, send everything belonging to said Martin that is necessary as evidence, to this camp.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
W. H. CLAPP,
Act. A. A. G.

Not aware that we were detaining Martin's carpet-bag, we replied:

OFFICE OF ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER,
Clarksburg, December 9, 1861.

CAPTAIN—In reply to your communication of the 5th inst., I have the honor to inform you that I

never heard of Martin, or his carpet-bag, until the receipt of your letter.

I am respectfully, yours,

CHAS. LEIB,
Captain and A. Q. M.

CAPT. W. H. CLAPP, Act. A. A. G., *Camp Chase, Ohio.*

Among the prisoners sent to Clarksburg, was a young girl of seventeen, named Mary Jane Green. She resided in Braxton County, and, for a long time, was engaged in carrying a mail between Sutton, the county seat of that county, and the rebel camp on the Gauley. She was illiterate, perfectly fearless, and cordially hated the "Yankee vagabonds," as she termed the Federal troops. She was noted for her profanity, and when, with the rest of the family, she was arrested, cursed and swore like a professional blackleg, or horse racer, declaring she would have the heart's blood of every "Lincoln pup" in Western Virginia. The real cause of the war, and the effect of Secession, having been explained to her brother, he expressed a desire to be permitted to take the oath of allegiance, saying that he had been misled. Mary Jane became furious, forgot all sisterly affection she possessed, denounced him as a coward, and swore that he might take the oath, but that they could not make a d—d Abolitionist of her. When on her way to Clarksburg, in charge of

Lieutenant George E. O'Neal, her language was such, he declared, as to almost disgust him with the sex. While confined in prison, she abused passers-by; shouted lustily for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy, and swore she would have the heart of General Rosecrans, if she were ever released. Kindness did not move, and affection was thrown away upon her. The Secession ladies, who are refined and intelligent, deeply sympathized with her, but permitted the Federal officers to provide her with decent apparel, which she accepted, although coming from those whom she regarded as her persecutors. The people residing in the neighborhood of the jail felt relieved when she was sent to Wheeling. Arrived there, she was taken to the principal hotel, and treated with the greatest kindness; was neatly clad, and, on promising that she would try to do better, was released, and a home obtained for her in a respectable family; but falling in with some Secession friends, she became as bad as ever.

After the release from Camp Chase of a number of prisoners residing in Western Virginia, who took the oath and gave security for their future good conduct, we were greatly annoyed by them. Those residing west of Clarksburg had railroad passes furnished them to that point, and frequently came with a request from Quartermasters to furnish them transportation to their houses. We were not there for that purpose, and did

not, in a single case, comply with the request. The Secessionists could not understand why we would not use our transportation to convey them, and always left grumbling, that we were not half as accommodating as other Quartermasters. It mattered not how ragged and ill-clad these men were when arrested, they always returned in a suit of Uncle Sam's clothing. The course of the authorities toward them had the effect to change the feelings of many toward the Northern people, and many acknowledged to us that they were satisfied that they had been better cared for than were the Federal prisoners at Richmond. In some instances, upon returning to their houses, they disregarded their obligations, and, to be revenged for their imprisonment, became more violent and vindictive than they were before. In and about Clarksburg, the Secessionists were comparatively quiet, and unless pointed out, it was almost impossible to tell who they were. The leaders had nearly all fled to Richmond, while the young men raised a company, elected U. M. Turner, a prominent member of the bar, Captain, and joined the rebel forces.

One bright spring afternoon, a company of Secessionists made their appearance in the town, and, after parading the streets for some time, were invited to the residence of a prominent Secessionist to partake of a lunch. The young Union men became furious, and assembling in front of the

house, with arms in hand, compelled the valiant warriors to march to the jail, where, with ill grace, they stacked their arms for the night. The following morning, some of the would-be Union leaders, desirous of toadying to the Secession sentiment, persuaded the young men to deliver the company their arms, which they finally did, much against their will. To hide their shame, the company, on arriving at Weston, the county seat of Lewis County, asked permission to stack their arms in the jail, saying they were in the habit of doing so, when in a country town. The most bitter feeling existed among the parties. Friends, who for years had sustained toward each other the most intimate relations, suddenly became bitter enemies. Society was broken up, and the ladies would flout by each other with flashing eyes, looking scorn and contempt. It was our fortune to come in contact with both men and women, and it is due them we should say they seldom obtruded their opinions upon us. When they did so, an intimation, which we always gave, that the subject was distasteful to us, sealed their mouths.

CHAPTER IX.

COMEDY OF WAR.—THE NIGHT ATTACK.

In May, immediately preceding the arrival of the Fourteenth Ohio Regiment, there occurred an incident too laughable to pass over without some notice. We will give it as related to us. When it became known that the regiment had arrived at Parkersburg, and was on its way thither, the men of Clarksburg claiming to be loyal—suddenly became very patriotic. Meetings were held, patriotic speeches made, bold threats indulged in to exterminate the Secessionists, and it was resolved to organize a "Home Guard," a patriotic band, which proved, alas! to be "invisible in war and invincible in peace." Men of all ages and sizes rushed to the standard. Officers were elected, who declared they would fight, and they were regularly drilled when the roads were dry, and the weather propitious. The "Guard" was the hope and pride of the Union men of Harrison County. Fond mothers gazed exultingly upon their darling sons, arrayed in all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." Youthful maidens looked admiringly upon their chosen ones, and silently prayed that, though kept far from the scenes of danger, each

one would, ere the war was over, win the star of a General.

Hearing that a noted guerrilla chieftain, whose deeds of cruelty had made him the terror of Western Virginia, had threatened to attack the town, pickets, composed of the valorous Guard, were stationed at all the roads leading to it. It was a time of expectation. When citizens retired, they feared they would waken to witness scenes of blood, and to hear the death shrieks and dying groans of their neighbors, and to find their homes in flames. At sunset, the detail was made from the Guard of those who were to stand picket for the night. They were well armed with primitive weapons, and, to keep their courage up, a flask of the principal production of Western Virginia—"apple whisky."

One moonless, though starry night, as the shivering and alarmed pickets, marching to and fro upon the end of the bridge nearest town, fancying in every bush an armed man, and an enemy behind every tree, suddenly they were startled, with what appeared to them the uniform and heavy tread of approaching soldiery. To revive their fainting courage, which, like Bob Acres, was oozing out at their fingers' ends, they applied themselves to their flasks. Again they listened, and again they drank, for nearer, and yet nearer, came that solemn tread, each foot-fall of which seemed their death knell. And now it reaches the bridge, and, against the

the star-lit sky, they see the gleam of innumerable bayonets.

"Who goes there?" one of the pickets in faltering accents cried, "his hair standing on end and his voice sticking in his throat." No answer but the solemn tread! Firing their guns in a perfect paroxysm of terror, the pickets precipitately fled toward town, shouting at the top of their voices:

"The enemy are coming: the Secesh are upon us!"

Rushing to the Court House, the bell peals out its wild alarm. The town is roused; men rush frantically from their houses, half-dressed, followed by women, with disheveled hair and scanty attire, moaning as if the day of judgment had come, and begging their husbands and sons not to go to war.

That innumerable band, the "Home Guard," assembled tumultuously in front of the Court House, and the line having been hurriedly formed, amid the tears, and against the entreaties of the women, take up their line of march to the bridge, resolved to do or die. They near the fated spot; and as they do so, their pace decreases, and at last comes to a dead halt—fear and anxiety depicted on every countenance.

What brave spirit dare lead the attack?

They listened. No sound was heard save the sighing of the wind among the trees, and the

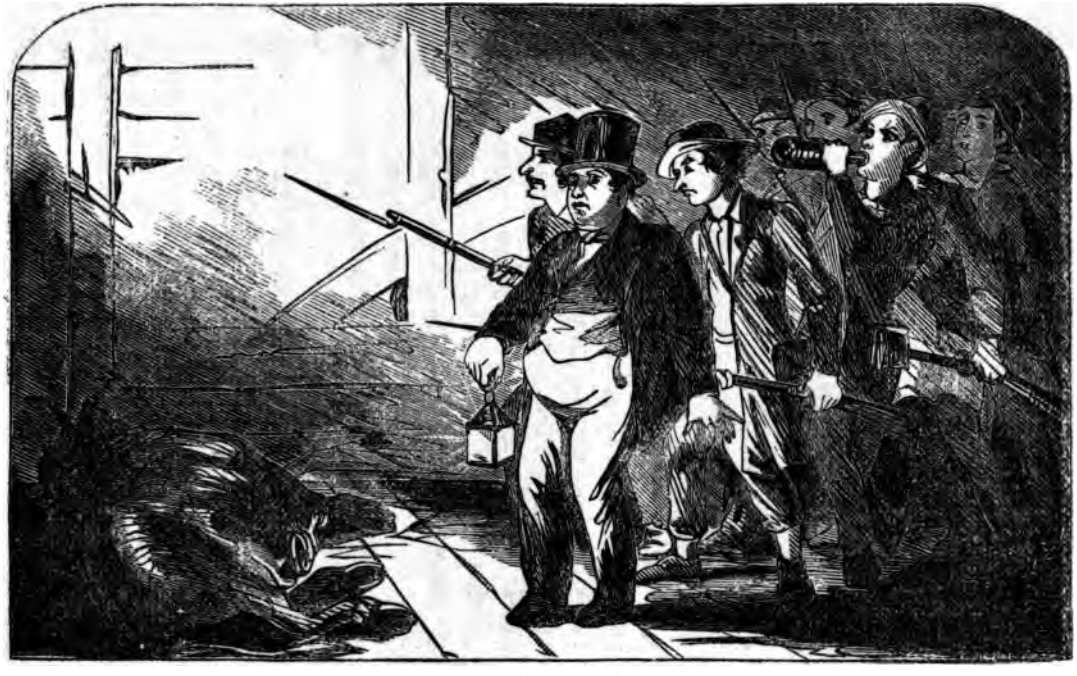
dashing of the waters of the Monongahela against the abutments of the bridge. Some masked battery or ambuscade, they are sure, will open upon them.

Who dare reconnoiter?

At last, an old man, of Falstaffian proportions, with fair round belly, with good capon lined, like him of Shakspeare, dares the venture. A lantern is procured. He nears the bridge. He hears nothing save the heavy breathing of what appears to him, like one in agony.

Gathering fresh courage, he proceeds across the bridge, followed by the "Guard," and finds, instead of the dreaded enemy thirsting for blood, an innocent cow, in the last agonies of death. She had been mortally wounded by the chance shots of the valiant pickets, before their precipitate retreat. Her horns, dimly seen in the obscure light, they had taken for the bayonets of the foe, and her heavy tread for that of the approaching soldiery.

The "Guard" were crest-fallen, and each swore to the other a solemn oath never to divulge the secrets of that fearful night. But, alas! for human frailty. When under the influence of apple-whisky, one of the parties related to us these facts. They retired to their homes wiser and, we trust, better men.



"An Innocent Cow in the last agonies of Death."—Page 102.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

When General Rosecrans moved from Clarksburg, on the 31st of August, he left two companies of Virginia Infantry, Company E, Fourth Artillery, U. S. Army, and an ununiformed cavalry company.

The Commandant of the Post, Colonel ———, was a courteous gentleman, but an inexperienced soldier.

The night after the General left, we were sent for to the United States Hotel, where we found E. M. Norton, Esq., United States Marshal for the Western District of Virginia, and several citizens known and recognized as loyal men. Their budget was opened to us.

A special messenger had just arrived with the news, that, learning there was but a small force to protect the immense stores in the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments, the Secessionists had suddenly assembled at Worthington, resolved to burn Shinston, eight miles distant, and were marching on Clarksburg, to destroy it, and take possession of the stores.

The following was received from men who it was said were reliable:

"*Shinston*, Sunday, September 1, 1861.

COLONEL—

We arrived here at half-past nine o'clock, and we learn that the Secessionists have taken possession of

Worthington, took down the flag, stopped the mail, and are pressing Union men into service, and we expect them here to-night. Please send in haste.

S. S. FLEMING,
JOHN A. OGDEN,
A. W. SHINN."

The information, it was said, was reliable. A council-of-war was convened. The Colonel ordered the men to sleep on their arms, and we telegraphed General Rosecrans, then near Weston, twenty-two miles distant.

A messenger was dispatched to arouse the citizens, and as he dashed through the streets on horseback, shouting, "Wake up; the Secessionists are upon us. You 'll all be dead in half an hour, unless you turn out and defend yourselves," windows flew up, capped heads popped out, and the utmost excitement prevailed.

That patriotic band, the "Home Guard," had died a natural death, and citizens came rushing to us, begging for God's sake to arm them, which we did; and some of them became so fond of the rifles, that they were never returned.

About two o'clock in the morning, we heard the discharge of two muskets, and in a few minutes the Commandant of the Post rushed into our office, trembling with excitement, looking wild and haggard, his face blanched, and his hair

disheveled, the very picture of despair, and fairly shouted:

"Captain Leib, the enemy are upon us. They have driven in our pickets. What's to be done?"

"We must meet and whip them, sir," we replied.

He hesitated, stood still, and looked undecided. It was evident he was unnerved, and knew not what to do. *We*, a Captain, took the responsibility of ordering him.

"Colonel, order out your men at once; send Connar's Cavalry to the Ordnance Office; I will arm them; and send word to Captain Howard. I will join you in five minutes. Go quick," and he went.

We joined him, and found he had done nothing. At his request, we took command, and ordered out a company to reconnoiter.

Upon investigation, it proved that three or four sick horses had escaped from the hospital, which was near by where the pickets were stationed, and had strayed toward them. Through the dim grey of the early morning, they mistook the horses for the advance guard of the rebels, fired upon them, and fled, the terrible rebels running in a different direction.

On returning to town, we learned the Colonel had gone home sick, and keeping the facts to ourself, placed on guard, on the top of the hills

surrounding the town, such citizens as feared an attack, with orders to give the alarm should the enemy approach. The enemy never came.

The day following, we were again notified that the rebels had taken possession of Worthington, torn down the stars and stripes, and were pressing Union men into service.

General James S. Wheat, Adjutant General of the "restored Government of Virginia," marched against them with a large force from Wheeling, while Colonel Crossman was dispatched with several companies from Grafton, by Brigadier-General Kelley.

The following dispatch was received from the General:

"Can you spare me a couple of companies of infantry? Answer.

B. F. KELLEY,

Brigadier-General."

One company was sent, and volunteers asked for. Of all the citizens, only three responded. Arming a large number of our teamsters and mule-drivers, and directing the Ordnance-Sergeant to put in order a six-pounder, sent by Governor Wise to Clarksburg at the time of the John Brown raid, we sent them to reinforce Colonel Crossman.

The following morning, we received this telegram:

Grafton, September 2, 1861.

CAPTAIN CHARLES LEIB—

We attacked the rebels at Worthington this morning at daylight, but they are strongly posted, and can not be routed without artillery. Send me at once two guns of Howard's Battery.

B. F. KELLEY,
Brigadier-General.

During the day, flying rumors came that a desperate battle had been fought, and, after a long struggle, the rebels had been driven from their position, and nearly one-half of them taken prisoners. The patriotic Union men of Clarksburg, who would not volunteer, were delighted, and declared they would have gone, but they knew there was no necessity for their doing so.

On the 3d, General Kelley again dispatched us:

Grafton, September 3, 1861.

CAPTAIN C. LEIB—

I have no official report from Worthington yet, but learn by passengers that the rebels have scattered, and the troops are returning this morning.

B. F. KELLEY,
Brigadier-General.

The whole affair proved to be a farce. Some

half-dozen drunken rebels entered Worthington, tore down the flag, threatened to destroy the town, and, at the approach of our troops, fled.

The Colonel commanding the forces, it is said, reported that, in the engagement, he had lost one man. It was subsequently ascertained he had run away.

CHAPTER X.

THE MULE DEPARTMENT.

It was evident that the transportation of stores to the mountains by wagon-trains during the fall, winter, and spring, would be next to impossible. The six-horse army wagon, weighing nearly a ton, is itself a load when the roads are cut up, and the mud knee-deep. General Rosecrans, with his accustomed forethought, ordered the purchase of a large number of mules, which were to be broke for packing. When purchased, they were wild as so many deer, as will be seen by the following telegram from Captain William Craig, A. Q. M. at Marietta, to whom they were originally sent, and who forwarded them to us:

Marietta, August 19, 1861.

Captain Charles Leib—

These are the most devilish mules I ever saw. They destroy every thing, eat up trees and fences, and have nearly killed half of my men. Do you think of taking them away soon? If you love me, do so.

W. CRAIG,
Captain, and A. Q. M.

It was a gloomy prospect for us. Captain Craig had been stationed for years in New Mexico, was familiar with the habits of the animals, and it was evident they were so troublesome, that even he was anxious to get rid of them. We were ignorant of every thing pertaining to them, but it was sufficient that the General commanding desired them broke as soon as possible. It was no easy matter to secure the services of men accustomed to handling them, and although we had numerous applications from persons to take charge and prepare them for the road, it was a long time before the services of an experienced packer could be obtained to superintend the work. It seemed as though the evil one had taken possession of them, so stubborn and refractory were they. When the first lot was partly broke, we transferred a portion of them to Lieutenant John H. Shuttleworth, of the Third Virginia Infantry, a detachment of which was ordered to a section of country where wagons could not go without great difficulty. At the close of the first day's march, the animals were turned loose into a lot, and the following morning it was next to impossible to catch them, the men having nearly worn themselves out before they succeeded in doing so. Had they been Mexicans, it would have been the work of but a few moments. The saddles were not rightly adjusted, the packs not properly slung, and for miles the road was scattered with hard bread, flour,

beans, coffee, rice, and sugar. At considerable expense, and after much trouble, we succeeded in securing a party of French Creoles and Mexican Greasers, from the prairies and mountains of the far West, who were so familiar with them, that, as if by magic, the mules became tractable and gentle, and in less than two weeks they had two hundred ready for packing, It was a matter of wonder to the Rip Van Winkles of the town, to see two hundred wild mules running loose in the streets, following, like so many sheep, an old grey horse, from whose neck was suspended a cow-bell; but their indignation was excited, that the animals, instead of wading through mud a foot deep, preferred the sidewalks. The hideous and uncouth appearance of some of the men, their unintelligible jargon and wild war-hoops, as they sometimes dashed through the streets when off duty, was a great cause of complaint, to say nothing of the grumbling of a Nabob, whose palatial residence was erected too near the mule-yard, and whose morning slumbers were disturbed by their hideous braying; nor yet of the indignation of some antiquated beldam, when a refractory brute, upon being driven to water, would breach her dilapidated and rotten fence. Over a cup of tea was the Quartermaster freely discussed for permitting these things, his official conduct criticised, and his most sacred private relations canvassed.

The trial trip to the mountains almost proved a

failure. General Milroy, commanding at Cheat Mountain, telegraphed for forage, and it was determined to send a pack-train of one hundred mules loaded with oats. Paul Guitar, Chief of one of the trains, was ordered to prepare for the trip. Paul is a St. Louis Creole, and for many years was in the service of the American Fur Company, among the Blackfoot Indians, as a trader and trapper. He is brave and illiterate; speaks English imperfectly, and the history of his life is one of deep interest. He was proud of his band, many of whom were with him in the Rocky Mountains, but he was willful, and determined to have his own way in every thing.

Before going to Virginia, he was employed in packing stores in General Fremont's Division, in Missouri, where every request made was granted him; but we would not do so, and he became stubborn, and refused to move. The order had been given, and Paul found he must go. Taking more men and less mules than directed, he proceeded toward Buckhannon, and, instead of making that place before halting, camped five miles distant from Clarksburg.

Mr. C. C. Catlett, Chief of the Mule Department was dispatched for him, and at twelve o'clock at night Paul was brought before us, and severely reprimanded for disobedience of orders. The extra men were brought back, and early in the morning he proceeded on his journey.

The adventures and voyages of old Paul are so full of incident and interest, that we are sure they will interest our readers.

In the spring of 1831 he was employed by John B. Sarpy, the senior member of the firm of Pierre Chouteau & Co., of the American Fur Company, to go to the Indian Country on a trading and trapping expedition. The Rocky Mountain Indians were at that time at war with the whites, and with a full knowledge of the dangers he would be compelled to encounter, and the trials he would probably be called upon to endure, in spite of the entreaties of his friends and relatives, embarked, with a number of others, on the steamer Iatan, which had been chartered by the Fur Company to convey the voyageurs as far as Council Bluffs—a distance of five hundred miles.

Paul was young, light-hearted, and full of hope for the future. He delighted in excitement, and when, after disembarking at the Bluffs, in company with other mountaineers, he left for the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, in charge of one hundred and fifty pack mules, laden with beads, calico, and every description of trinkets, to tickle the fancy of the Indians, declared he never had been so happy.

Ninety days after leaving St. Louis, the party reached the fort of the Fur Company, and for the first time, during that period, slept under a roof. Although his maiden trip, his sleepless energy and

undaunted spirit, the care he took of the animals, and his efforts to do his duty, attracted the attention of the men, who recognized in him a master-spirit, and with one voice pronounced him Chief. The House, at St. Louis, approving their choice, he entered upon his duties, and commenced the organization of a party to go upon a hunting expedition up the Yellow Stone River.

After an absence of several months, during which time they obtained a large quantity of valuable furs, the party returned to the fort, where Paul remained in charge a considerable length of time. The time for his return having arrived, he caused to be built ten Mackinaw boats, loaded them with furs and buffalo-robes, and taking on board Mr. Charles P. Chouteau and family, who were to accompany him, at a given signal cut loose from the shore, proceeded down the river, meeting with no accident until when nearly opposite Fort Benton, where the whole fleet was snagged; those on board barely escaping with their lives, and the Fur Company losing thirty thousand dollars.

The accident chagrined and mortified Paul, who was piloting the boats. He immediately tendered his resignation to Mr. Chouteau, who replied he could afford to lose the goods, but that him he would not give up. Every article they had was lost, save the wet clothing upon their backs; and, although many of the men had not seen their families for years, they resolved to return to Fort

Pierre. After forty days hard traveling, they reached it at the dead of night, and demanded admittance. The inmates, believing the fort was about to be attacked by Indians, fired upon them, instantly killing four of the party. Discovering their mistake they threw open the gates, and Paul and his almost famished band entered, not to rejoice as they had expected, but to mourn the loss of their companions. Fatigue and hunger were forgotten, and the old mountaineers, men who were strangers to fear, and whose eyes had scarce been bedewed with tears, wept as they dwelt upon the bravery and virtues of the dead, who with them had borne the hardships of the frontier, and braved the poisoned arrows of the Rocky Mountain savages.

Another trip up the Yellow Stone was the result of the disaster upon the river. On reaching the mouth of the Kankee, one of its branches, where Paul encamped for the night, the party had their first skirmish with the red skins. About nine o'clock the guard came rushing to Paul's wigwam, and gave information that a band of Blackfoot Indians had stolen three of the mules, and were in the vicinity of the camp. In a moment he was up, and telling the guard not to stir, quickly dressed himself, and, with the stealth of a cat, moved through the camp, awakened his men, whispering that danger was near, cautioned them not to make the slightest noise, and not to leave the lodges

until the signal was given. With rifles by their sides they lay for more than an hour; hearing no signal became alarmed, and one of them crept outside the lodge, but in a few moments returned, saying that he had heard voices where the mules were picketed, but he could neither hear nor see Paul.

Shortly he made his appearance, and giving directions, the whole party left the lodges, creeping upon their hands and knees for some distance, when he gave the signal to halt, and suddenly raising up walked toward the Indians, and asked why they, who had been, in times gone by, so friendly, had come to steal his property. They recognized his voice and replied, they only wanted to borrow a few mules. Paul replied, if they would only come to his lodge he would give them all they wanted. After consulting for some time, they agreed if Paul would give them up his rifle, they would accompany him. Instantly complying with their request, he was seized from behind and thrown upon the ground; but while a rope was being tied around his body, he gave a whistle, and in an instant his party surrounded the Indians, killing the two who were tying him.

The Indians, finding themselves out-numbered, returned the mules, shook hands with Paul, and the Chief of the band offered him his daughter for his wife; he accepted: and at St. Louis she and her four pappooses are to be seen, all of them living

images of the hero of the Yellow Stone. Their trinkets exchanged for robes and furs, the party returned to Fort Pierre. Boats were again built, and the whole party were once more on their way to St. Louis. When they neared the spot where they were wrecked before, Paul, who under the most trying circumstances is usually calm, became terribly excited. Night was approaching, and the lady of Mr. Chouteau, who was on board, implored him to wait until morning, before attempting to proceed; but quietly telling her to go to the cabin, he seized the helm with a firmer grasp, and surveying with his eagle eye the angry waters, waved his hand to those in charge of the other boats to come on, (all the while encouraging the passengers,) safely passed the dangerous point, followed by the whole fleet. Arrived at Council Bluffs, the cargo was transferred to a steamboat belonging to the Fur Company, which was waiting their arrival. After an absence of two years and three months, Paul stood on the wharf at St. Louis, and was warmly welcomed by his friends; but he had acquired a fondness for mountain life, and after a few days became restless, dissatisfied, discontented, and could scarcely contain his joy, when, at the end of two months, he was notified that in a few days he would be required to leave for Fort Pierre with a lot of mules and horses. At once he set about making preparations for the trip, and with some trouble succeeded in obtaining the number

of men required to accompany him. Some of those who had endured with him the hardships of the former trip, and knew how cordially the Indians hated the whites, were deterred from going by their families, to whom they had related their adventures and trials. Paul made the trip, a distance of three thousand miles, in one hundred and twenty days. After an absence of several years, during which time he was most successful in trading and trapping, he returned to St. Louis, and resolved to abandon the life of a mountaineer. But he was not satisfied, and joined the party of Colonel Fremont, who was preparing for his celebrated trip to the Rocky Mountains. Twenty of his men were frozen to death on that trip. For more than sixty days they were on the mountains, and endured every hardship men were capable of enduring. After some time Paul left the party, and returned alone to St. Louis, and was again sent by the Fur Company to the upper Missouri. On one occasion, when on a trading expedition, a party of Sioux Indians came upon him and his men when asleep, took him prisoner, carried him to their camp, where they stripped him of his clothing, and at a signal from the Chief, the women would pass by him, and with a hickory cudgel administer severe blows upon his bare back. He was finally released, and told to turn somersaults for the amusement of the women, but failing in this, they pricked him with needles, delighted at

the pain they occasioned him. Tired of their cruel sport, they bade him run for his life, and he declares, though nearly dead, never before had he made such good time.

Like nearly every article furnished for the army, the pack-saddles proved almost worthless. They were made of bass wood, covered with sheepskin instead of raw hide, and were fastened together with four-penny nails. The instant they were exposed to damp weather, they almost fell apart. It was next to impossible to fasten the saddles on the mules properly, and the result was, the loss of a considerable quantity of grain.

By order of General Rosecrans, we sent to the Kanawha Country, Cheat Mountain, and other parts of the Department, some of the most experienced of the packers to teach Regimental Wagon-masters and teamsters the art; but little benefit was derived therefrom, as they had no opportunity of applying their knowledge to practice.

The execrable winter weather, for which Western Virginia is noted, had a bad effect upon the public animals in our Department. It was cold, blustering, raining, and snowing almost daily for four months; and if the sun did venture to shine, it was only for a few hours. To protect them, we built a large number of sheds and stables, a part of which were for the horses of the First Virginia Cavalry and Captain R. V. W.

Howard's Light Battery, Fourth Artillery, U. S. Army.

The mule packers were a happy set. Seated round their camp-fires at night, they would relate to each other, with great gusto, their adventures in the mountains, while at times they would while away the weary hours listening to the patriotic songs of a glee club, belonging to one of the bands.

The different bands were jealous of each other; each claiming to be able to perform the greatest amount of labor, and to have their animals in the best condition, and broke to packing. Paul and his band had painted upon their cooking-shed, "We come to work, and not to learn;" Captain Bayes and his greasers, "Actions speak louder than words;" while another band, brought from Cincinnati, were contented with announcing themselves as "Buckeye Boys."

Occasionally, differences would arise between them and the men employed in the horse department, upon whom they professed to look with contempt. Unable to settle the difficulties, the Chiefs would at times appeal to the Quartermaster, and the party being in fault would receive a severe reprimand, or discharge.

Rev. J. W. Curry, or Brother Curry as he is sometimes called, is Chaplain of the bloody Third Virginia Regiment of Infantry. Brother Curry

is a preacher of the Methodist persuasion; is a sincere Christian, and a devoted lover of yellow-legged chickens. His heart overflows with the milk of human kindness toward his fellows, and his whole soul is wrapped up in the spiritual welfare of his regiment.

For many months, the regiment was scattered; but he faithfully visited the different companies, giving them good advice, preaching patriotic sermons, and urging the men to send to their families every dollar of their pay they possibly could. He was certain to be on hand to receive his pay whenever the Paymaster came around, and also the allotments for the families of the soldiers, every dollar of which he promptly and faithfully delivered.

Though a good, he was not a great man, and always preached short and practical sermons. A joke he did not relish half as much as a good dinner, especially if the joke was at his expense.

We had invited Rev. Father O'Connor, of Weston, to hold service in the Government warehouse, as a large number of troops, then at Clarksburg, were of his faith, and extended a similar invitation to Brother Curry, promising him a large congregation. He accepted; the time was appointed, and the day previous we rode into the "corral," and calling around us several hundred teamsters, mule-drivers, and packers, informed them that on the morrow there would be service, and that their

presence would oblige us. They readily agreed to attend, and when morning came, and the hour for service arrived, some two hundred marched into the warehouse, and quietly took their seats.

It was a pleasant sight, to look upon those rough, unlearned, unlettered men, many of whom had probably not attended Divine service for years, upon bended knees, listening to a fervent prayer offered at the throne of grace, and to behold them weeping as he recounted the sufferings of the dying Saviour upon the cross.

During the entire sermon, not a single man moved; but the instant the benediction was pronounced, there was a rush for the door.

Their comments upon the sermon were amusing:

"I say, Bill, how did you like that preacher?"

"Fust rate; he's a gay old preacher, ain't he?"

"Well, he is. Did you see how he fetched Jake to his milk? He blubbered like a baby."

"I don't think he can preach much," said another.

"You ort a' been to camp meetin' near Dayton, last summer. The way the preachers brought the fellows down on their marrer-bones was a caution. I say, Bill, didn't that big old feller, what stood by the Captain and led the singin', holler? Wouldn't he make a bully mule-driver?"

Others were silent and subdued. They probably thought of the religious instructions received in

their youth at the knee of a mother now in her grave; or of what was taught them at Sabbath-School.

Though of rough exterior, they had true hearts. Their lives and associations had been such as would apparently crush out every religious feeling and sentiment, but only a word was needed to revive them. Repeatedly they inquired of us when there would be "preaching in the warehouse," but Brother Curry was soon after ordered to join his regiment at Buckhannon, and we had not an opportunity of again inviting him.

CHAPTER XI.

THE EXPRESS COURIER LINE AND THE BUSHWHACKERS.

In consequence of the stoppage of the mails west of Clarksburg, it became necessary to establish an Express Courier Line to Headquarters, to convey to the officers of General Rosecrans' column their letters and official documents from the Headquarters of the Army at Washington.

Procuring the best men we could, we put the line into operation, but it was some time before it worked to our entire satisfaction. The superintendent proved inefficient; but, for the want of a better, we were obliged to retain him for a time. The General grumbled; his staff grumbled, and there was a general grumbling time at Headquarters, at the irregularity with which the mail arrived.

Horses and riders were stationed about eight miles apart, a time-table prepared, and the couriers were ordered to push forward as rapidly as possible. They were also directed to watch the military telegraph line, and to report to the nearest officer, when the line was out of order. Becoming

impatient with the slow movements and little energy displayed by the Superintendent, we telegraphed him:

A. F. NEWMAN, CHIEF OF EXPRESS,
BULLTOWN:

What is required to perfect the line. You have had plenty of time to do so. Every facility has been afforded you, and yet nothing has been done. Unless you get the line in good working order at once, I must make a change. You have not yet reported your stations to me. Answer at once.

CHAS. LEIB,
Captain and A. Q. M.

This dispatch set him to work in earnest. He felt that his official head was in danger, and, after a time, we had for a while uninterrupted communication with Headquarters. The body of the rebels had been driven from the country lying between Harrison County and Gauley River. It was not deemed necessary to retain a large force there, and, by degrees, the troops were withdrawn, only part of the Thirty-sixth Ohio Regiment having been left to protect the Union citizens, and to keep open the roads.

This fact becoming known to the rebels, a number of parties of guerrillas, or bushwhackers, returned, shot down Union men, cut the telegraph wire, stole the horses of the couriers, and occa-

sionally took one a prisoner, and sent him to Richmond.

The bushwhackers are composed of a class of men who are noted for their ignorance, indolence, duplicity, and dishonesty; whose vices and passions peculiarly fit them for the warfare in which they are engaged, and upon which the civilized world looks with horror. Imagine a stolid, vicious-looking countenance, an ungainly figure, and an awkward if not graceful, spinal curve in the dorsal region, acquired by laziness and indifference to maintaining an erect posture; a garb of the coarsest texture of homespun linen or linsey-woolsey, tattered and torn, and so covered with dirt as not to enable one to guess its original color; a dilapidated, rimless hat or cap of some wild animal covering his head, which has not been combed for months; his feet covered with moccassins, and a rifle by his side, a powder-horn and shot-pouch slung around his neck, and you have the beau ideal of a Western Virginia bushwhacker. Thus equipped, he sallies forth with the stealth of the panther, and lies in wait for a straggling soldier, courier, or loyal citizen, to whom the only warning given of his presence, is the sharp click of his deadly rifle. He kills for the sake of killing, and plunders for the love of gain. Parties of these ferocious beasts, under cover of darkness, frequently steal into a neighborhood, burn the residences of loyal citizens, rob stores, tan-yards, and farm-houses

Devil Bill Parsons, the Bushwhacker.

of every thing they can put to use, especially arms, ammunition, leather, clothing, bedding, and salt. They do not stop at pillage, for ofttimes is their track marked with blood. The leaders of some of these bands have acquired great notoriety by their cold-blooded brutality and adroitness at theft. One of these is a man who, in days gone by, enjoyed, to a great degree, the confidence of the people of Western Virginia. He, together with ex-Governor Wise, did much to make bushwhacking respectable in the estimation of the depraved and ignorant. The political leaders, who instigated these men to engage in bushwhacking, generally keep aloof from actual participation in the war, only planning forays, participating in the gains of theft, and conveying stolen horses and goods to a market where they can be disposed of to an advantage.

A notorious bushwhacker is Bill Parsons, or Devil Bill as he is called. Bill is filthy in appearance, and, like the rest of his class, has low instincts, and is as ferocious as a hyena. It is said he has eleven wives, and it is a fact well known, that one of them is his own daughter. He resides in Roane County, where he has been guilty of many gross outrages.

The result of this devilish mode of warfare in Western Virginia, has been the destruction of every interest, and almost every pursuit, save that of the soldier. Towns have been burned or

pillaged, farm-houses deserted, agriculture has been neglected, commerce destroyed, and the interests of education disregarded. Many of those who were favorable to Secession having seen their error, desired to return to loyalty, and seek peace and protection from the Government they, a short time ago, attempted to destroy. To Colonel Thomas M. Harris, commanding the Tenth Virginia Infantry, is the Union cause greatly indebted for creating a healthy public sentiment in what is called the rebel counties. At the risk of his life he went among the Secessionists, pointed out to them the madness of their course, and induced many of them to renounce that damnable doctrine.

Notwithstanding the threats that the Courier Line should be broken up, it was kept in running order. As fast as a horse was stolen, we replaced him, armed the Couriers with Navy revolvers, and directed them to shoot whoever attempted to interfere with them when in the discharge of duty. This, to some extent, intimidated the bushwhackers, who are mostly cowards, and do not care to get within the range of a pistol.

Another Superintendent was appointed, one Angus M. Reiger, of Clarksburg, who, we had reason to believe, from representations made to us as to his character, was a man of pluck, and peculiarly fitted for the position, but after having passed over the line a few times, and having, as he

said, been shot at, tendered his resignation, as we believe, because there was danger of the enemy firing bullets. We were obliged to forage the whole line from Clarksburg, as there was none to be obtained on the road. Every pound of hay, corn, and oats had been used that could be obtained, and it was no small matter to transport grain in the depth of winter, and in the early spring, through the enemy's country, when the roads were almost impassable.

The most urgent and earnest appeals were made to us by the Acting Assistant Quartermaster at Sutton, where a company of Cavalry was stationed, to supply that post with forage, while Captain Moulton, at Beverly, also drew upon us largely. It was sent to these posts at an enormous cost, but that was of no importance, when there was danger of the public animals suffering.

Michael Eagan was the only Superintendent of the Express Line who was really efficient. He was the first Courier sent forward, and in the discharge of duty stopped at nothing; swam streams swollen by the heavy rains of that country; crossed the mountains when he knew the bushwhacking bloodhounds were on his track, and when warned not to attempt their passage, would quietly reply: "Captain Leib ordered me not to stop until I had reached Headquarters, and I must obey." He is an Irishman by birth, had received a liberal education, and, in his younger days, was in the British

Army. He knew not fear, and, finding him competent and meritorious, we promoted him.

The line was kept up at a heavy expense, and when General Rosecrans left the Gauley Country and removed to Wheeling, we recommended that it be abandoned, but it was not until we were relieved from duty.

While the rebels were in the habit of stealing horses from the Courier Line, and from loyal citizens, our troops did not hesitate, and very properly, too, to take the horses of rebels in arms, or leading ones who gave them aid and comfort. This was especially so with the three months' men. Those who could not take their horses home, frequently disposed of them for a mere pittance. This was wrong. It was their duty to deliver them to a Quartermaster, who would receipt for them, and take them up on his property return as "captured horses." On one occasion, the Quartermaster at Grafton received information that three horses, justly belonging to the Government, were in the hands of three citizens of Fetterman, two miles distant. A polite note was sent them, requesting the delivery of the horses, to which two of them promptly responded; but the third, one Berger, a loud-mouthed Secessionist, who, in the absence of troops, talked large and bravely of his own valor, and the chivalry of the Southern Army, paid no attention to the request, other than to declare he would see Lieutenant Smith d—d, before he would

deliver up the horse. An order was then sent, which he indignantly tore up, and threatened personal violence to the messenger. He was delighted with his own bravery, and boasted that he had convinced the Yankees that he was not to be trifled with—that they could play no games on him; he had bought the horse, and all the soldiers at Grafton could not take him. Very soon, a corporal and four soldiers, with fixed bayonets, approached, informed Berger that he was wanted at Grafton, and before he could recover from his surprise—to the infinite delight of the Union men, and the chagrin of the rebels, who were present—was on his march thither.

Arrived there, he inquired in a pompous manner of Lieutenant Smith:

"I want to know, sir, why I am arrested."

"You shall know, Mr. Berger. You have a fine horse belonging to the United States, and it is my duty to obtain him."

"I have a horse I bought for eighty dollars from a soldier, and he's mine. I paid for him, and mean to keep him."

"Don't get excited, Mr. Berger. Take this matter easy. Do you mean to say you paid that amount of money for him?"

"I mean to say he cost me that much. The soldier killed my game cock, worth fifty dollars. I gave him a terrier pup, worth thirty, and called it square."

"Mr. Berger, you had better send to the soldier and get your pup back. I have no doubt your game cock was a valuable bird, and that your terrier pup will make a good dog, but as neither of them would be recognized on my property return, I expect you to deliver the horse to me at once."

"I won't do it."

"You won't?"

"No, curse me, if I do!"

"Corporal, hand this man over to the officer of the guard, with instructions to keep him in custody until further orders."

"You don't mean to put me in the guard-house, do you?"

"Yes; and to keep you there until the horse is restored."

"Well, if I must, I must! but it's hard to deprive a man of his property, and loose his cock and pup besides. I'll give him up under protest!"

Berger, having sent for the horse, delivered him to Smith and left, swearing he would be revenged on the soldier for cheating him, when he knew the horse belonged to the Government.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NOTABLES WE MET.

We are indebted to the Wheeling Intelligencer for the following sketches of Brigadier-General Wm. S. Rosecrans and Brigadier-General George L. Hartsuff:

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROSECRANS.

William Starke Rosecrans was born in Kingston Township, Delaware County, Ohio, on the 6th of November, 1819. His parents were Crandall Rosecrans, whose ancestors were originally from Amsterdam, Holland, and Jemima Hopkins; the former a native of Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, who immigrated to Ohio in 1808—the latter, raised in the same beautiful country, and a daughter of a soldier of the Revolution, who had for five years daily offered his life and treasure in that struggle for liberty. The early years of the present General were passed in close application to his studies, so that at the age of eighteen he was well fitted for his appointment as cadet at the Military Academy at West Point, in 1838. He graduated with high honors in 1842, being third in mathematics and fifth in general merit, in a class of fifty-six, num-

bering many distinguished competitors. He entered the Corps of Engineers as Brevet Second Lieutenant on the first of July, 1842, and served that year at Fortress Monroe, as First Assistant, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. De Russey. He was ordered to duty at West Point, in 1843, as Assistant Professor of Engineering.

About this period General Rosecrans was united in marriage, at St. John's Church, in New York City, to the amiable and accomplished Miss A. E. Hegeman, only daughter of Adrian Hegeman, long known and respected as one of the noblest jurists of that city. In 1844, he was detailed as Assistant Professor of natural and experimental philosophy. In 1845–'47 he served as Assistant and First Assistant Professor of Engineering, and had charge of the department to which Captain Swift had been attached, while that officer served in Mexico, and was also for nine months Post-Quartermaster. He was ordered to Newport in 1847 and there took charge of all the fortifications, and the reconstruction of a large military wharf, which had previously been destroyed during a storm. This duty devolved upon him on account of his recognized ability as an engineer, and was then looked upon as a decided compliment. He remained there until 1852. In 1852–'53 he was charged with the survey of New Bedford and Providence Harbors and Taunton River, under an act of Congress, appropriating a stated sum for the purposes of improvement. In

April, 1854, he was ordered to report for duty to the Secretary of the Navy, in the Bureau of Docks and Yards, then assigned as Constructing Engineer at the Washington Navy Yard, until November, 1853, when, on account of ill health, he felt compelled to resign his position, and tendered his resignation to the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis. The resignation was not accepted, from a desire to retain so valuable an officer in the service, and a leave of absence was granted, with the understanding that, at its termination, if the resignation was insisted upon, it would be accepted; which was subsequently done in April, 1854.

From that date to June, 1855, General Rosecrans occupied an office in Cincinnati as Consulting Engineer and Architect. In June, 1855, he was induced to take charge of the interests of the Cannel Coal Company, which, with other parties, were engaged in building locks, dams, and endeavoring to effect slack-water navigation on Coal River, in Western Virginia. As Superintendent of the works, and President of the Company, he gave great satisfaction, but relinquished his position to assume control of the Cincinnati Coal Oil Company, then making preparations for an extensive business, in which he was directly concerned. The many improvements perfected by him while in this capacity, furnish ample evidence of the fertility of his inventive genius, the depth of his researches, and the activity of his energetic mind.

But the threatened storm of rebellion at last burst upon the country, calling to arms the noble heroes who were prepared to shed exultingly the last drop of blood in the effort to maintain the Government and preserve the Constitution.

When General McClellan was appointed, he at once selected General Rosecrans as his Aid and Acting Chief Engineer, with the rank of Major. The Legislature of Ohio then purposely created the office of Chief Engineer of the State, which was intended for General Rosecrans, and accepted by him.

On the 10th of June, 1861, he was appointed by Governor Dennison Colonel of the Twenty-third Regiment Ohio Volunteers, and was sent upon a mission to Washington City to arrange for the maintenance and payment of the Ohio contingent forces.

On the 20th of June, he was nominated by the President a Brigadier-General in the regular army, a promotion universally acknowledged to be as rapid as it was deserved, and attended with the spontaneous approbation of all classes and creeds of citizens, who knew his worth and estimated his merit.

When the advance into Western Virginia was made, General Rosecrans was intrusted with a brigade composed of the following regiments: the Eighth and Tenth Indiana, and the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Ohio, and placed in command at Parkersburg.

Here, from an eye-witness, we find this testimony of his energy:

"Our General is an incessant worker. He is in his saddle almost constantly. He has not had a full night's sleep since he has been in Virginia, and he as often takes his meals on horseback as at table. His geniality and affability endears him to all who come in contact with him. His soldiers recognize in him a competent commander."

He afterward proceeded to Clarksburg, thence to Buckhannon, and on the 12th of July fought the now memorable battle of Rich Mountain, succeeding by his own plans in achieving a disastrous defeat for the rebels.

In this battle he cut a passage nine miles through the wood, and after coming upon the enemy's rear, after a desperate fight of an hour and a half, completely routed them, capturing "all they had, and taking many officers, as well as privates, prisoners." The rebels numbered about two thousand, under General Pegram, who was soon after obliged to surrender himself a prisoner of war.

Subsequently, General Rosecrans drove the rebel Generals Wise and Floyd out of Western Virginia, and captured their effects.

Socially, the General is a refined gentleman, yet frank, free-spoken, and off-handed, as the fashion is at the West. In person he is a little above medium height, rather thin, and very erect, with a conspicuous broad forehead, and clear gray eyes.

McClellan being called to the head of our Army of the Potomac, on the 22d of July, General Rosecrans immediately took his place in command of the Army of Western Virginia, being appointed on the 24th of July.

On the 1st of August, General Rosecrans telegraphed to the War Department at Washington, that the valley of the Kanawha was freed from rebels, and that his forces had captured one thousand muskets, a quantity of ammunition, etc.

On the 10th of September, he wounded and routed Floyd, who had sixteen pieces of artillery, and five or six thousand men at Carnifex Ferry, and again rid his Department of rebels.

General Rosecrans' Headquarters are at Wheeling, where he has been actively preparing for the spring campaign. His forces are in such a condition as to strike terror to the quaking miscreants, who have made their hitherto happy land one vast scene of treason and bloodshed.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE L. HARTSUFF.

Brigadier-General Hartsuff was born in the State of New York, on the 28th of May, 1830. He removed to Michigan in 1841; entered West Point Academy in 1848; graduated in 1852 as Brevet Second Lieutenant of the Fourth Artillery; was ordered to Texas in October, 1852; served there until January, 1854, having been previously

promoted Second Lieutenant in the Second Artillery; he was ordered to Florida in June, 1854; served there continually in the field until July, 1856, having greatly distinguished himself in several bloody contests with the Indians, and once so severely wounded as to be reported dead.

The thrilling recital of his hardships and sufferings was published in the papers of the day, and excited much interest.

He also served in Florida as Acting Topographical Engineer, and surveyed many of the swamps and jungles of that malarious region. He afterward went with a detachment to Fort Wood, Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor, and remained there in command one month, being ordered to West Point in September, 1856, as Assistant Instructor in Artillery and Infantry tactics.

He remained at West Point up to June, 1859, when he was relieved at his own request, and went West to join his company at Mackinaw, serving there until October, 1860.

The Captain was a survivor of the disaster to the Lady Elgin on Lake Michigan, exhibiting on that occasion the coolness and courage for which he is distinguished.

In January, 1861, he was ordered on duty at Washington, and was there appointed Assistant Adjutant-General on the 22d of March following.

On the 7th of April, while under orders for Santa Fé he was met in New York with an order

to join a secret expedition, the destination of which was unknown at the time, but afterward proved to be to Fort Pickens, Florida.

He returned to Washington on the 16th of July, and received orders to join General Rosecrans in Western Virginia, arriving at Clarksburg on the 6th of August, 1861.

During the campaign in Western Virginia, Captain Hartsuff was distinguished for his gallantry and coolness upon the field of battle. He is modest, unassuming, and eminently as well as severely just. His appointment was the reward of real merit, and not brought about by the chicanery of political demagogism.

MAJOR ROBERT E. CLARY, CHIEF QUARTERMASTER.

Major Robert E. Clary, Chief Quartermaster of the Department, is one of the purest and best men in the service. He is a native of the old Bay State, and entered the Army from West Point, in 1828. After serving at the School of Practice, at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, for one year, he was attached to the Fifth Infantry, and, in the Spring of 1829, joined his company at Fort Bridger, where he remained until 1832, when his company was made a part of General Scott's force, to suppress the Indian outbreak under Black Hawk.

In 1838, Lieutenant Clary was promoted to a Captaincy in the Quartermaster's Department, and ordered soon after to Florida, and placed in charge

Major Robert E. Clary, Chief Quartermaster.

of the important depots of Black Creek and Pilatka, from which the troops were supplied. In 1845 he was ordered, with two companies, to establish Fort Wilkins, in Copper Harbor, Lake Superior, where he remained on duty until the breaking out of the Mexican war, when he was ordered to Fort Leavenworth, and subsequently to New Orleans, where he was stationed until 1851. From thence he was sent to California, in charge of the depot at Benicia. In 1857, he took charge of the Department at St. Louis; but being too honest an officer to suit the purposes of the Secretary of War, he was relieved from duty there, after some time. In 1860 he was ordered to Utah, and was in charge of the Quartermaster's Department until the troops were ordered east, to take part in the suppression of the rebellion.

When the news reached Utah of the determination of some of the Southern States to secede, it found among the officers of the army there, not only sympathizers, but open, and avowed friends. On the occasion of a dinner party, one of them proposed as a toast, "the Assassination of the President and Vice-President of the United States," which was drank; while one of them declared, he did not drink, but if he did, he would respond to it with all his heart. Some of these officers are, to-day, in the rebel army, while others are now in the Federal service.

Major Clary, who is a true patriot, was indignant

at such evidences of treason, boldly denounced it; and the evidences of the disloyalty of these officers sent to the War Department.

In November last, Major Clary was ordered to take charge of the Department of Western Virginia, as Chief Quartermaster. As an officer, he is prompt, efficient, watchful of the interests of the Government, and has a keen sense of justice. Those who know him best, love him most. Our official intercourse with him was, to us, most agreeable and pleasant.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM CRAIG, A. Q. M.

The ablest Assistant Quartermaster in the Department of Western Virginia, is Captain William Craig. He was born in Vermillion County, Indiana, in 1831, is the son of a prominent politician of that county, and was sent to Wabash College, where he remained until the age of seventeen, when he received a cadetship at West Point, graduated in 1853, and was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Third Infantry. The next year he was sent to New Mexico, and soon after his arrival a war broke out between the United States and the Utah and the Hicrea-Apacha Indians. There were but few troops in New Mexico at that time, and volunteers having been called for, Colonel St. Vrain, a celebrated mountaineer, raised a regiment and marched against them. Lieutenant Craig was appointed Adjutant of the Regiment. This force operated

Captain William Craig, A. Q. M.

on the head waters of the Arkansas River, and after a campaign of seven months against them, the Indians sued for peace. During the winter the troops suffered terribly from cold, and frequently on their marches passed over snow forty feet in depth. At Sangre de Crista Pass, the guides tried the snow, and found they were above the tops of the trees. On emerging from the Pass, on the east side of the mountains, they found the grass five inches in height. Colonel St. Vrain, who is an extensive landholder, in appreciation of the services of Lieutenant Craig, presented him a mile square of land at that point. The war over, General Garland selected him as his Aid, and although appointed Second Lieutenant of the Eighth Infantry, then in Texas, would not permit him to join his company. He was promoted to a First Lieutenancy in 1857, and soon after was married to Miss Mary E. Cutts, the grand-niece of the late President Madison, and daughter of Lieutenant Thomas Cutts, formerly Adjutant of the Third Infantry, a most promising young officer, who died a number of years ago. The following year, Lieutenant Craig was appointed Assistant on the Coast Survey, and directed to report to Professor Bache, the Superintendent, who sometime after ordered him to survey a line from Beaufort, South Carolina, to Savannah, Georgia; but before the instructions could be carried out, South Carolina seceded.

The operations on the Coast Survey having been suspended in the South, Lieutenant Craig reported to the Adjutant-General for orders to join his regiment, but was informed that the traitor Twiggs had surrendered all the Federal forces in Texas, and directing him to wait further orders. Much to his surprise, he was unanimously elected Colonel of a Volunteer Regiment, then just raised at Auburn, New York, and of which the son of Secretary Seward was elected Lieutenant-Colonel. The following complimentary but just notice of his election was published at the time in an Auburn paper:

"CAYUGA REGIMENT.—First Lieutenant William Craig, of the Eighth Infantry, United States Army, was on Saturday last unanimously elected Colonel of the Cayuga Regiment of Volunteers. This fine regiment could not have made a better selection. Lieutenant Craig was detached from his regiment last summer, and transferred to the Coast Survey between Beaufort and Savannah. His regiment was surrendered by General Twiggs in Texas, and is now at Indianola, prisoners of war. The interruption of the Coast Survey has prevented him from being occupied on his detached service.

"The Cayuga Regiment may congratulate itself in having secured so competent a commander. The long experience of Lieutenant Craig in Mexico, as Aid to General Garland, has given him a perfect knowledge of field duty, and his thorough

military education and service will give that regiment unusual advantages over those who are less fortunate in the qualifications and military abilities of their officers. If events shall call that regiment into actual service, we predict for it a gallant and honorable career from what we know of the material of which it is composed, and learn of the capability of its accomplished commander."

Hastening to Washington with his certificate of election, and the indorsement of Governor Morgan, he applied for leave of absence during the war, to enable him to take command of the regiment; but was met by General Scott with, "the little army must not be broken up," and his application refused, much to his chagrin.

Shortly after he was appointed Captain and Assistant Quartermaster, and directed to proceed to Wheeling and muster into service such companies as could be organized in Western Virginia, which the Government, from dispatches and letters received, were led to believe were numerous. He declares, that instead of being met by twenty-two hundred men, ready to be enrolled, as had been represented, he was met with nothing but sneers and jeers at every corner, and with the epithets of Lincoln abolitionist, and mercenary hireling, and that such a thing as a star-spangled banner could not be obtained in the city of Wheeling for love nor money.

Not daunted with this discouraging reception, he determined to see if some good could not "come out of Nazareth;" had flags made, purchased drums, hired musicians, and, after two weeks of hard labor, succeeded in raising one company. While there was a strong Union under-current in Wheeling, men feared to avow their opinions, and the few who boldly declared that the Union must be preserved at all hazards, and the President sustained, did so at the risk of their lives. Among these were E. M. Norton, now United States Marshal, James W. Paxton, Dr. Thoburn, A. W. Campbell, Editor of the Intelligencer, and Thomas Hornbrook, now Collector of the Port—all of whom had supported Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency. Companies from Ohio and Pennsylvania presented themselves, anxious to be mustered into service, but were disbanded and re-organized, before they could be received as Virginia troops.

Having raised the First Regiment, the Colonelcy was tendered him, but the reply of General Scott to his application stared him in the face—"the little army must not be broken up"—and he was compelled to decline. The Second Regiment was next raised, and the command tendered him, but he could not accept it.

When the First Regiment was ordered to march to Grafton, Captain Craig desired the officers to receipt for the Quartermaster's and Commissary's stores they had received from him, which one and

all refused to do; and he did not obtain them until Colonel Kelley ordered the officers to comply with his just request.

By an order of General McClellan, Captain Craig was placed in command of the forces at Wheeling. Prisoners were sent there from all parts of the State, and placed in his charge, some of whom Governor Pierpont ordered released, and among others a notorious bridge-burner, named Stevens. The Captain could not recognize the authority of the Governor, and the result was, a bitter war was made upon him by that functionary, and charges brought against him. We give an extract from a letter to General Meigs, Quartermaster General, with reference to him, from the Governor:

* * * * *

"My operations have been made vexatious by the conduct of Captain Craig, Quartermaster for this Division. He first had his Headquarters here; then he removed them four miles down the river, to Bellair. The next move was to Marietta, Ohio, eighty miles down the river; leaving a clerk at Bellair to receive and forward his goods to Marietta, Ohio. Marietta is to Wheeling, for distributing supplies, about as convenient as Acquia Creek is to Washington. Now, the goods for my regiments are taken from Bellair—four miles from Wheeling—and shipped to Marietta, there drayed and stored, and what becomes of them is more

than I can tell. Some of them have been sent back; the residue is either lying there, or has been distributed to other troops.

Why it is that Captain Craig's Headquarters should be removed to Marietta, eighty miles from Wheeling, and goods intended for troops that I am raising and equipping should be carried from here to Marietta and back again, is more than I can comprehend.

I am convinced the whole matter is a scheme and determination of Craig to embarrass this service. And I now respectfully ask that he be removed from this line, and disconnected from this military division, and that he be ordered immediately to send to Wheeling all the goods in his possession intended for this service.

I have further most respectfully to ask, that a Quartermaster be appointed at this place. If it can not be done, I want to know it at once. And if Captain Craig is not removed from this Military Department at once, I want to know that, too.

I am yours, etc.,

F. H. PIERPONT,

Governor of Virginia."

His Excellency did not know that when he proceeded to Marietta it was by order of General McClellan.

At a later period, Captain Craig was ordered to purchase horses for the First Virginia Cavalry,

Captain A. V. Barringer, Commissary of Subsistence.

which he did; and the horses, which were not seen by the Governor, were pronounced almost worthless. They were sent to us for the regiment, and the Colonel, as well as ourself, pronounced them the finest lot ever sent to the Department.

So anxious was Governor Dennison to secure the services of Captain Craig, that he sent a special messenger to Washington to get him detached from his Quartermaster duties, to enable him to take command of a regiment, and succeeded. He commenced at once to raise his regiment. As fast as he raised companies, they were mustered into service, were put in camp, and prepared for the field. It was probably the best equipped regiment in the State, but some difficulties having been thrown in his way, preventing its speedy formation, he resigned; and was again ordered to duty in the Quartermaster's Department, and stationed at Parkersburg.

He is eminently just in all his dealings, and in social life a polished and courteous gentleman.

CAPTAIN A. V. BARRINGER, COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE.

Our intimate business relations with this prompt and energetic officer, the faithful manner in which he discharged the onerous duties of his position, justly entitles him to a notice at our hands.

Captain Barringer was born in the city of Troy, New York, in 1829. His father dying when quite

a youth, his mother placed him in a leading mercantile house in that city, at the head of which was a gentleman noted for his taste, cultivation, refinement, and great moral worth, who is now the leading spirit in a noted New York business firm, to whose example and teachings, we have frequently heard Captain B. declare he is greatly indebted for his success in life.

But the boy became restless; he longed for a broader field of operation, and that field was the great West. At sixteen, he removed to Cincinnati, where he was fortunate in securing a situation in a prominent jobbing house on Pearl street, with which he remained for ten years.

He had, as he declares, no taste for mercantile pursuits, and abandoning them engaged in the study of architecture, and having made himself familiar with the construction of gas works, and the manufacture of gas, he embarked in that business.

At that period, only the most important cities of the Union were enjoying the benefits of this, the greatest improvement of the age. The success of such an enterprise as lighting small towns was considered questionable. People were afraid to take hold of it; but Captain Barringer was satisfied that it was tenable, and he was not mistaken. In the last ten years, he has erected gas works in twenty-five cities and towns, and among them Milwaukie, New Albany, Columbus, Zanesville,

Sandusky City, Mt. Vernon, and Newport, Rhode Island. The works at the latter place are noted for their beauty and completeness.

His contracts during that time amounted to about two millions of dollars.

Subsequently, he became interested in the construction of a land grant railroad in the North-west; was in turn Secretary, Director, and Trustee for the conveyance of lands; but the crisis of 1856 and 1857 interfered with its construction, as it did with every other undertaking of any financial importance, and for the time being it was abandoned.

From that time until the breaking out of the rebellion, he again engaged in his former pursuits, when he determined to enter the army, and was appointed by the President Commissary of Subsistence, and directed to report to Brigadier-General Rosecrans, commanding the Department of Western Virginia, then at Clarksburg.

Proceeding thither, he requested to be stationed at a post where there was "plenty of work," and was ordered to relieve the Acting Commissary at Parkersburg. He took charge on the 29th of August, and found the Department in the most dire confusion, and though inexperienced and without competent subordinates, soon brought order out of chaos, systematized his business, and in every emergency supplied from his post the principal depots in the whole Department, with the vast amount of stores required, with a promptness that

won the highest encomiums from the General commanding and the Chief of his Department.

When at Clarksburg, to report for duty, we made his acquaintance, and were struck with his activity of mind, comprehensive business views, and the deep interest he manifested in every thing connected with the service.

His reports and returns to the Commissary-General are promptly made, and he has received from that officer gratifying evidences of the estimation in which he is held by his Department.

Aside from our official intercourse, our relations with him were pleasant and agreeable. Although young, his business qualifications are of no ordinary character, and we predict for him a brilliant career in the business world.

CHAPTER XIII.

HUMOR OF THE DEPARTMENT.

It could hardly be supposed that in a Department where there is so much stern reality, there is any humor, but could our readers have spent an hour in our office at Clarksburg, the first six months we were there, they would have heard much to amuse and interest them. Questions the most ridiculous in character were asked us; notes, letters, and official documents were daily received from officers which should have been sufficient to have caused them to lose their shoulder-straps. We give a verbatim copy of an order from Lieutenant Colonel H. Prather, of the Sixth Indiana Regiment, commanding the post of Webster, given Lieutenant D. L. Smith, Quartermaster and Commissary at Grafton:

Genl Quarter Master

Smith send Rations of Flower.. Cofee. Shugar rice, and beans, for 90 Men, for 5 days arerage and 5 days subsequient, also Stationary for post, all out of Cofee, and cant have breakfust, unless it

comes, the articles of Provisions are for the boarding masters, also send 50 rations of beaf fresh.

H PRATHER,
Lieut Col Comd Post

Webster 16 1861

This officer, on another occasion, telegraphed Lieutenant Smith to send him by "special patrol train, one pen six sheets writing paper, and six brown envelopes for use of Post."

Telegrams frequently sent by officers who are on terms of intimacy, at times cause great merriment. Telegraphing to Captain William Craig, then at Bellair, Ohio, for a hay-press, we received, after repeating the message, the following reply:

"*Bellair*, August 7, 1861.

"I am unable to get hay-press, but, by going to Lake Erie, I might procure you a light-house."

W. CRAIG,
Captain and A. Q. M.

We were sold, and, telling the joke gracefully, acknowledged the corn. At a later period, when upon a Board, at Beverly, to examine volunteer officers, he suggested, in a telegram to us, that not a few needed a "light-house," of the truth of which there is no doubt, for there are many illiterate and incompetent officers in the Department of Western Virginia.

Lieutenant L. D. Smith, of the Second Virginia Volunteers, was Acting Assistant Quartermaster, at Grafton. He is an active, energetic, business man; and was ready to work, night and day, to promote the best interests of the service. Like ourself he knew nothing of regulations, when detailed for duty, and had to do with officers who knew less, and who believed they were entitled to receive every article they desired. A Sergeant, belonging to the Seventh Indiana Regiment, on one occasion, presented him with an order from a field officer, for twelve pounds of oats and fourteen pounds of hay, and was politely informed that officers could not draw forage for private horses. The Sergeant reported this to the officer, who, bursting with rage, rushed furiously to the office of the Lieutenant, and asked him in an imperious tone,

"Are you the Quartermaster?"

"I am."

"Why do you disobey my orders, sir?"

"Who are you?"

"I'm Colonel Spooner, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventh Indiana Regiment, and want to know why you disobey my orders to issue oats for my horse?"

"I have several reasons for so doing, Colonel Spooner. In the first place, I have no oats. In the second place, I have no money to buy them. In the third place, officers can not draw forage from Quartermasters. I could not issue to you, if even I had forage."

"I did'nt come here, sir, to be informed as to my rights. I know them, and I'll have them. If you do not issue forage immediately, sir, I will report you to the General for disobedience of orders."

"I can not accommodate you, Colonel; and the best thing you can do, is to report me to the General."

In a few moments an orderly summoned him before General Morris, and, repairing to his office, met the irascible Colonel. The General, in his usual mild manner, addressed the Lieutenant with—

"Quartermaster Smith, what is the difficulty between you and Colonel Spooner?"

"General, he ordered me to issue forage for his private horse, which I have no power to do."

"Is that all?"

"That is all."

Turning to Colonel Spooner, he inquired,

"Is that the cause of your complaint?"

"It is, General."

"Then I advise you to do as I do, and every other officer and gentleman does, send them to a private stable. You are allowed a certain amount for forage, and must buy your own feed. I trust, Colonel Spooner, you will enter no more complaints, but attend to your own business Good day, sir."

Colonel Spooner made no more requisitions on Smith.

Among the patriotic Union men of Western Virginia, Frank Pierpont, Governor of the "Restored Government of Virginia," stands pre-eminent. He is possessed of a strong will and great determination of character, and when Governor Letcher fell into the hands of the Secessionists and used his position and authority to raise the standard of rebellion in the State, Frank Pierpont was one of the men who took bold and open ground against the movement. The loyal men of Western Virginia called a Convention at Wheeling, elected him Governor, and he went to work at once to put it in a state of defense; raised regiments, and succeeded in obtaining a large supply of Quartermaster's stores and clothing, camp and garrison equipage for the troops. By mistake, ten thousand blankets got into the possession of some Quartermaster, and were, of course, issued. The Governor was sorely troubled. He telegraphed all the principal Quartermasters in the Department, that they had ten thousand blankets belonging to him, and directing that five thousand be sent him at once. He knew we had a large amount of every description of stores; it might be they were at Clarksburg, and he ventured a telegram:

Wheeling, September 10, 1861.

CAPTAIN LEIB, A. Q. M.:

Ten thousand blankets, sent to my order for the Virginia Regiments, were sent to Clarksburg

Send me five thousand of them by return train, if possible.

F. H. PIERPONT.

It was a shrewd move in the Governor, but did not win; we knew nothing of them, and replied:

Clarksburg, September 10, 1861.

GOVERNOR F. H. PIERPONT:

I have no blankets, except such as I have receipted for.

CHARLES LEIB,
Captain and A. Q. M.

The Governor was puzzled. It was evident there were plenty of blankets at our depot, and he must have some at all events. Coming down four thousand, he telegraphed:

Wheeling, September 10, 1861.

CAPTAIN CHARLES LIEB, A. Q. M.:

I must, at least, have one thousand blankets.

F. H. PIERPONT.

We could not respond to the wishes of the Executive, much as we desired to oblige him. His receipt would have been worthless at the Department at Washington, for although he was anxious to conduct the war in Western Virginia, the President had not, as in the case of the Governor

of New York, appointed him a Major-General. The receipts of an Assistant Quartermaster were of more importance to us than that of the Governor. Another dispatch followed:

Wheeling, September 11, 1861.

CAPTAIN LEIB, A. Q. M.

Are you sending me any blankets to-day?"

F. H. PIERPONT.

Our reply was, "Nary a blanket."

But he was not to be put off. Blankets he was resolved to have from somebody; became impatient, then importunate, and finally Lieutenant Smith, Acting Assistant Quartermaster at Grafton, made a requisition for them, which we filled; the Governor received them, and was happy.

Old Mrs. Cline is known to every man, woman, and child in Clarksburg—and well she may be. For more than half a century she has sold "cakes and beer" to the youth of the town. The old sign, "M. Cline, Cakes and Beer," is familiar to everybody. She is a queer looking, little, old woman, rejoices in high, white, starched caps, ornamented with a broad ruffle; has a hooked nose, and a chin which appears anxious to get in close proximity with her nasal organ. The expression of her eyes is peculiar, and when roused she is a perfect termagant. Her prejudices are

strong, and we have heard it remarked, "I'd rather meet a tiger than old Mrs. Cline, when she is mad." In the early part of the summer her shop was the resort of the men who were detailed for picket duty on the bridge crossing the west fork of Monongahela River. They entertained her with marvelous stories of war, and details of battles which had never been fought; at times making her hair almost stand on end, by telling her what the rebels would do if they ever took Clarksburg; and comforted her by vowing that they would protect her and her property, if they died in the attempt. Feeling very grateful, she would regale them on her best beer and finest cakes; but in course of time their tales grew stale, and her liberality was at an end, for a large force was stationed there, and her fears were quieted. The men had no money, and they knew not what to do. One bright day in August, while one of the pickets stood leaning on his musket, a bright thought struck him, and turning to his comrade said: "I say, Jim, I'll tell you the way we'll come it over old Mrs. Cline. I mean to write an order on the Quartermaster for all we want, and as we're going to leave in a few days, wont she have a good time collecting it? Would'nt I like to be at the Quartermaster's office, and see that red-nosed, goggle-eyed fellow, coming to get the money. Won't! the Captain move his boots!" The cakes were got, and a few weeks afterward, while we

were busy, preparing the papers to turn over a large amount of Quartermaster's stores, the "red-nosed, goggle-eyed" individual made his appearance. Turning to him we said:

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"Why, Cap., I've a bill agin you, as 'ort to be paid."

"Let me see it, sir."

We give a verbatim copy:

CAPTAIN LEIB:

KWATER MASTER

too M Cline Detter

tu cakes and Beer, got by the solgers, one dollar and a haf 1.50

"I can't pay that bill, sir."

"Well, but Cap., the boys got them, and here's the order for the pay."

"They were not authorized to give orders on me."

"It's d——d mean, Cap., any how. You ought to pay it, as you pay all the solgers' bills."

"You must go to those who got the cakes."

"They've gone off."

"I can not help you. Good day, sir. I want to be alone."

He turned and left, but as he passed out of the door said:

"Look here, Captain Leib, I hope you'll git turned out of office. Everybody says you won't

pay nobody until you can't help yourself; but I didn't think you'd be so mean, as not to pay old Mrs. Cline."

The "boys," before leaving told the story of the order. Old Mrs. Cline declared: if that Quartermaster ever came to her house for cakes and beer, she'd give him a piece of her mind.

Captain F——, Brigade Quartermaster in the three months' service, is a wag. He had little experience in the Quartermaster's Department, but knew the importance of obtaining receipts. He had a holy horror of "red tape" and duplicate receipts. The men were fighting for their country, and must be cared for. Every thing he issued he got such a receipt for as he could, and at the end of three months he had a keg full of memorandum receipts and notes of issue. He knew the horses had eat the oats, corn, and hay; the men had used the clothing, fired away the ammunition, and used the rations. He had done his duty, and that was all he cared for. Before entering the three years' service, he concluded to send his papers to Washington, to enable the Quartermaster-General to settle his accounts. They were sent in a keg by express, with a letter advising General Meigs of their transmission. The General wrote him, stating that he did not understand them; to which the Captain replied: that "if he, General Meigs, with his well known ability, and able corps

of assistants, could not understand the papers, how could he expect a poor devil of a Quartermaster to explain them—one, too, who knew nothing of the duties of the position!" That letter finished the correspondence.

The following descriptive list of a private of the Second German Ohio Regiment, written by the Captain of his company, is a rare specimen of literature:

SECOND GERMAN OHIO REGIMENT.

William Tubbee, bravour of the compaigne "K," was born in the City of Osnabruck, Kingdom of Hanover, Germanie. He is 33 (thirty-thry) old, and 5 feets 8 inges hich, and was been in this rigiment from the forst day of commance. He god too sesters in the city of Toledo, Ohio. William Tubbee received from his compaigne—1. 1 blanket; 2. 1 hat; 1 poar ov shies; 4. 1 coat; 5. 1 paar of pontoloons; 6. 1 paar of pretches; 7. 2 paar unterschirts; 8. 2 paars stockens; 9. 1 plaid; 10. 1 naif; 11. 1 forc; 12. 1 tinn cop.

The Captain of the compaigne,

TH. WICH.

National of William Tubbee:

His hear is bron,
" Noss is long,
" Mouth is general,
" Eyes are gray,
" Moustache is lick his hear,

The color of his face is white.

William Tubbee oots to Meister Sodler too dollars.

The Captain of the compaigne,

TH. WICH.

CAPTAIN LEIB AND HIS HORSE DOCTOR.

A few days since, while Captain Leib, U. S. Quartermaster at this place, was very busy shipping some horses and wagons to Cumberland, he was interrupted by one of his clerks, who said: "Captain, here is a list of medicines the new horse doctor wants."

The Captain took the paper, and glancing over it, exclaimed: "*Angle worm oil!*" "Where is the horse doctor?"

"Here I am," answered a diminutive son of Erin from the crowd.

Captain.—"Are you the horse doctor who comes so highly recommended?"

Doctor.—"Faith, I am, sur."

Captain.—"Have you had much experience in the treatment of diseases of the horse?"

Doctor.—"Yes sur, a great dale."

Captain.—"Where?"

Doctor.—"In Ireland; in the ould country."

Captain.—"Have you treated horses since you have been in this country?"

Doctor.—"Yes sur, a great dale at Wiston. The farmers always called me, and I gave satisfaction."

Captain.—"For what diseases do you use '*angle worm oil?*'"

Doctor.—"Faith, yer honor, it's mighty good for the horse."

Captain.—"Are you familiar with the anatomy of the horse?"

Doctor.—"What is it ye'r saying?"

Captain.—"Can you tell me the difference between pneumonia and lung-fever?"

Doctor.—"Don't know, sur. They may be all the same for what I know."

Captain.—"How is a horse affected by lung-fever?"

Doctor.—"I—I—sure, sur—I—like he had the distimper—a running at the nose and mouth like."

The Captain smiled, and sending for his cashier, said: "Mr. Steel, pay off the new horse doctor; he won't do."

It is evident that no man can remain long in the Quartermaster's Department unless he is competent to discharge the duties for which he is engaged.

The Captain remarked after the doctor left: "I suppose that man and his friends, like many others who can't control this Department, will curse me, but I guess I can stand it. I came here to do my duty, not to be popular."

CHAPTER XIV.

FORWARDING TROOPS.

About the middle of September, General Lee, commanding the rebel forces on the south side of Cheat Mountain, made a bold attempt to surround the command of General Reynolds, but failed in spite of all his well-matured plans. Lee advanced toward General Reynolds, but was driven back to his old position by the General, who was apprised of his movements. The greatly superior forces of the rebels, on the south side of Cheat Mountain, rendered it necessary for the General commanding to order reinforcements from Ohio and Indiana. Brigadier-General Robert C. Schenck, who was at Clarksburg, on his way to join General Rosecrans, having been advised of their coming, returned to Grafton to superintend their movements, and to attend to their thorough equipment. We received from him the following telegram:

Grafton, Va., September 15, 1861.

Captain Charles Leib:

Milroy's Regiment will arrive here to-night, without knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, or overcoats. The knapsacks and haversacks can be

furnished here. Can you supply canteens and overcoats? Send them, if you can, or all you can, up to Webster.

ROBT. C. SCHENCK,
Brigadier-General.

We answered:

Clarksburg, September 15, 1861.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. C. SCHENCK:

Have overcoats, but no canteens. Have orders to send them all to General Rosecrans. How many do you want for Milroy? Answer.

CHAS. LEIB,
Captain and A. Q. M.

The General answered that he must have ten hundred and fifty, and we took the responsibility of sending them. Without transportation, there was but one course to be pursued to get their camp and garrison equipage to the mountains. It was to impress such teams as were not already in the service. Such a dilapidated train was never before in the service of Uncle Sam, and it was with the greatest difficulty some of the horses reached Beverly. Most of them were wind-broken, spavined, and blind, and would have done discredit to the boneyard, while the wagons were generally coupled and tied together with hickory withes.

The weather in the mountains was becoming very cold; snow fell, and many of the soldiers

were suffering for the want of clothing and shoes. Donations came thick and fast from their homes, and our storehouse, as well as that of the Quartermaster at Grafton, was filled almost to overflowing. These, together with clothing, were sent forward as fast as the goods arrived and the means of transportation enabled us to do so. So, too, with every Quartermaster on the line, and yet newspaper scribblers, for the sake of making readable and sensation articles—and men from whom we had a right to expect, at least, justice—without inquiring as to the reasons for the non-receipt of clothing, charged the Quartermasters with negligence in not obtaining it, and squandering what they did receive, to say nothing of their cursing, because their every request was not complied with, and whim gratified. The mails were filled with letters of complaint to the Quartermaster-General; accusations of the dishonesty of Quartermasters freely made, and, even the poor Wagonmasters, who are required to receipt for the goods intrusted to their care, and to deliver them in good order and condition to the receiving officers, were accused of swindling, as will be seen by the following letter from an agent of Governor Morton, of Indiana, to General Meigs:

INDIANAPOLIS, September, 1861.

Being absent for two weeks, I have just returned from Cheat Mountain and Elkwater, as an agent

of Governor Morton, looking after Indiana troops. I am satisfied the Government is being swindled by those Quartermasters, Wagon-trains, and, in fact, we are supporting all Western Virginia. I did not let those officers know my business. There should be a good business man, one who has dealt largely in produce, to look after all those men from Cincinnati through Western Virginia. We are swindled with moulded crackers, mast-fed pork, rain-water vinegar, and no fair proportion of any other supply. I am satisfied something is wrong.

A. WALLACE.

Frequently, these "agents" made their appearance in Western Virginia; men who knew as little of the requirements of the service as an unborn child, and with unparalleled impudence would announce their mission, and demand to know all about the workings of the different Departments. They were generally political hacks and party favorites. Their gratuitous and ridiculous suggestions, and unasked for advice, to officers who were making every exertion to render comfortable the brave men who were baring their bosoms to the enemy, only provoked a smile of contempt. When men charge Quartermasters with stealing, they forget, if they ever knew, that they and their securities are responsible for every article that comes into their hands, whether it be a horse-shoe nail, a six-mule wagon, a thousand horses, or ten

thousand overcoats, and they are required to furnish the Department at Washington with a receipt for every article transferred to officers, and to account for what remains in their hands. So exact is the Auditor in the settlement of accounts, that if there is an error amounting to five cents in a business of five hundred thousand dollars per month, the account is returned for correction. It is not only the duty of the Quartermaster to care for the property transferred to him, but also to gather up every article abandoned by regiments when marching or changing stations. He is required to take it up on his property return, and having done so, is charged with it. The Quartermaster's Department is the pack-horse of the Army. While the duties of other officers are specifically laid down in the Army Regulations, Quartermasters occupy the pleasant position of being compelled, in many instances, to take the responsibility of acting without orders, while a refusal to do so would subject them to a charge of neglect of duty, and render them amenable to a Court Martial. Upon page 159, "Revised Regulations for the Army of the United States," will be found the following paragraphs:

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT.

"This Department provides the quarters and transportation of the Army, storage, and transportation for all army supplies: army clothing, camp and garrison equipage, cavalry and artillery

horses, fuel, forage, material for bedding and stationery.

"The incidental expenses of the Army, paid through the Quartermaster's Department, includes per diem to extra duty men; postage on public service; the expenses of Court Martials; of the pursuit and apprehension of deserters; of the burial of officers and soldiers; of hired escorts; of expresses; interpreters, spies, and guides; of veterinary surgeons and medicines for horses, and of supplying posts with water; and, generally, the proper and authorized expenses for the movements and operations of the Army, not expressly assigned to any other Department."

The man who enters this Department with the expectation of living an easy life, and who intrusts his business to his employees, it matters not how trustworthy they may be, or how much they may enjoy his confidence, will, ere three months pass over his head, find himself irrevocably involved.

It requires care, watchfulness, promptness, and unbounded energy to discharge promptly and satisfactorily the duties of the position, and no credit is given by that exacting master, the Government, for extraordinary exertions to protect its interests, regarding them, as they properly are, only in the line of duty.

Upon one occasion, while busily engaged assisting our warehouse laborers unload half-a-dozen

railroad cars, which were filled with boxes of clothing, and performing more manual labor than any of them, an elegantly dressed Lieutenant-Colonel of Ohio Infantry approached one of our clerks, and inquired for Captain Leib.

"That's him," pointing to us.

"What, the man in his shirt sleeves, and striped cotton breeches, helping them Irishmen roll boxes?"

"Yes, sir."

"What in the deuce is he working for in that way, when he has plenty of men here?"

"He says they don't take hold in earnest, and he wants to give them a lesson."

"He's the first Quartermaster I've seen since I've been in the service who would do that. Don't Captain Leib belong to the regular Army?"

"He does."

"Well, I must say he is the roughest looking regular officer I've ever seen. He must be down on red tape."

"No, sir; he's a stickler for regulations, and would'nt give the Secretary of War a mess-pan without the documents."

"He makes the men jump round pretty brisk."

"Yes, sir, he's a working man, and no man can stay with him unless he has some snap in him."

"I should judge so, from the way he snaps off officers; at least I've been told he does."

"He is pretty plain with them, when they come

here and make all kinds of ridiculous requisitions, and get mad because he won't fill them."

When we got through, the Colonel introduced himself and said:

"I want to draw a pair of Navy revolvers for myself."

"You can't draw them."

"Why not?"

"Officers are required to furnish their own arms. You can get them from the Ordnance Sergeant by paying for them."

"I was told I could get them by making a special requisition on you."

"You were misinformed."

"You let my Colonel have a pair."

"I did not. If he got any, he paid Sergeant Nixon for them."

"I may be mistaken, but I know he got them when we were here."

"That is probable."

The Colonel left the office, swearing that he knew we could have taken his receipts for the pistols, if we had desired.

If there is among our readers one who is particularly amiable, and can not say no, but desires to be cured of that weakness, let him secure an appointment as Assistant Quartermaster, and be ordered to Western Virginia, and in one month, in self defense, he will speak the dread word, with a hearty good will, when occasion requires.

CHAPTER XV.

VIRGINIA JUSTICE.

Among others whose teams we were compelled to impress, were those of some of the relatives of one Dan Riblett, a Corporal in Captain A. C. Moore's company, Third Virginia Infantry. Riblett is a quarrelsome, disagreeable fellow, fond of drinking, and, when under the influence of liquor, exceedingly abusive. He was indignant that the teams were taken; and meeting our Foragemaster, Thomas H. Croghan, (who had the matter in charge,) on Sunday, December 8th, heaped upon him the most vile abuse, to which Croghan replied in a spirited manner, but passed on. Late in the afternoon, Croghan, in company with Charles F. Beyland, and H. Clay Goff, two of our clerks, rode to the west end of the town, intending to make an excursion to the country; but having no passes were turned back by the pickets stationed at the bridge across the west fork of the Monongahela River. Riblett was there, in company with other soldiers, but said nothing. The party had not gone more than one hundred yards, when he raised his rifle and fired at Croghan, the ball missing him, but taking effect in the right thigh of Mr. Bey-

land, completely shattering the neck of the femur. Medical aid was procured, and the day following he was taken to the hospital.

Colonel Ainsansel, Commanding the Post, ordered Riblett to be put in irons, and sent to jail. The deepest excitement pervaded the community, and the universal sentiment was that he should be hung forthwith. On being informed he had shot a man, Riblett inquired with fiendish glee, whether it was Croghan; and learning it was not, replied, he was sorry it was not him.

He was examined before a Magistrate, and upon the evidence presented was committed for further examination by the Board of Magistrates. This board was composed of a set of old fogies; most of them respectable farmers, but ignorant of the principles of law. Riblett was brought before them, the testimony heard, and he discharged on the ground that no one could swear that the ball which struck Beyland was fired from his rifle; although he acknowledged he had fired at Croghan, who was in company with Beyland, and it was proven that no other gun had been discharged. It was a mockery of justice, and unworthy the character claimed by the people of the Old Dominion.

From what we learned, it appeared as if the court was not desirous of learning the facts, nor yet of thoroughly investigating the case. Had Beyland been a citizen of Virginia, and surrounded by influential friends, instead of being a foreigner

and almost unknown, we can not but believe the result would have been different. Beyland was a stranger, while the votes of the Riblett family are required on election day.

It is due the Attorney for the State to say that he did his duty in the case.

Many of the people were kind to Beyland, and attentive to all his wants; not so with others. Some two months after the attempted assassination, one A. M. Reiger, whom we have already mentioned as having been for a time Superintendent of our Express-line to Gauley Bridge, called and informed us that he had a bill against us, for having watched with Beyland for one day. We give the bill and receipt:

Clarksburg, March 18, 1862.

CAPTAIN CHARLES LEIB, A Q. M.,

To A. M. REIGER, Dr.

To waiting one day on C. F. Beyland, shot by Dan Riblett, of the Third Virginia Infantry $1 50

Received payment,

A. M. REIGER.

We have no comments to make upon this extraordinary exhibition of Western Virginia generosity.

Under the skillful treatment of Dr. Charles K. Winne, Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army, he improved much more rapidly than the nature of the injury led us to anticipate, and we trust that he will

ultimately recover. Dr. Winne is an able and accomplished young surgeon. He has been in the Department of Western Virginia since the commencement of the war, and, for a long time, was in charge of two hospitals at Clarksburg. They having been "broken up," he was ordered to Parkersburg, and placed in charge of the General Hospital. He is a gentleman of rare literary attainments; is modest and unassuming, and devoted to his profession. We have to regret that we can not say as much for all who are in the service in that capacity. We know a number who can not write a prescription correctly.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHIEF OF TRANSPORTATION.

Our Chief of Transportation, Colonel David Runnion, of Chicago, is an extraordinary man. He was untiring in his labors, and no man ever served the Government more faithfully than did he. His life has been one of "ups and downs." At times rolling in wealth, then, by the reverses of fortune, left without a dollar, but never for a moment losing the energy which has marked his career.

Colonel Runnion was born in 1805, and is a native of New Jersey, where he resided until his thirteenth year, when his parents determined to take up their residence in the West. Young Runnion, although a child, drove a four-horse team across the Alleghanies to Brownsville, Pennsylvania, where, procuring a flatboat, the family embarked, with all their worldly goods, and floated down the river to Cincinnati, where they sold the boat, and, going into the interior, settled at the town of Lebanon.

When of sufficient age, David was apprenticed to a tanner and currier, and having faithfully served his apprenticeship, abandoned the trade, which he

Colonel David Runnion, Chief of Transportation.

heartily disliked, and, removing to Indiana, settled at Lafayette, a thriving and growing town, where he became extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits, and had a number of branch stores scattered through the country.

He was also an extensive dealer in and shipper of horses and cattle to the Southern market, especially to New Orleans. A man of fine address, warm-hearted, frank, and generous almost to a fault, he became a favorite with the Hoosiers along the Wabash River, every one of whom knew "Uncle Dave Runnion."

The reverses of 1837 so seriously affected his business that he was obliged to suspend, and giving up everything to his creditors, removed to St. Louis, and afterward to Cincinnati; in both of which places he was largely engaged in business.

In 1855 Colonel Runnion removed to Chicago, the center of business in the North-west, at that time crowded with capitalists from all parts of the country, making heavy investments in real estate. With the exception of San Francisco, no city in the country had been built up so rapidly, and enjoyed so great an amount of prosperity. Property commanded almost fabulous prices; buildings were erected as if by magic; and speculation was so rife that the poor man of to-day was a millionaire to-morrow. Engaging largely in the manufacture of brick, in which he invested every dollar he had, besides having pledged his credit for a

large amount, when the crash came in 1857 he went down, with a large indebtedness hanging over him which he was unable to discharge, but nearly all of which has since been paid. He then opened an agency for the sale of real estate, and among other large sales he made, was one to the rebel Colonel, John A. Washington, of Mount Vernon notoriety, who, during the past summer, was shot by a party of Federal scouts, at Cheat Mountain, when making a reconnoissance of the position of our troops.

The sale of real estate failing in consequence of the tightness of the money-market, Colonel Runnion, like many other energetic business men, was thrown out of employment. Among the masses he was a favorite, and was nominated three different times for important political positions, by the friends of the late Senator Douglas, whose personal friend, and warm admirer he was.

On taking charge of the Quartermaster's Department, at Clarksburg, we found that we required the services of an energetic working man, to take charge of the Transportation Department, and telegraphed and tendered him the position, which, to our gratification, he accepted, and still holds. From the day he took charge his whole soul was wrapped up in his duties. During the months of August, September, and October, he was on horseback, frequently, from four o'clock in the morning until midnight, attending to every minutia of his

department with the greatest promptitude, having hundreds of men, horses, mules, and a very large number of wagon-trains under his charge, besides attending to the purchase of forage required. He performed the labor of half-a-dozen ordinary men. It was amusing to watch him hurrying up the slow-motioned, old fogy Western Virginians engaged in transporting stores; and yet with all his sternness of manner, he was a favorite with them. On one occasion, Captain Steel, now of the Commissary Department, a most exemplary and competent officer, and correct business man, said to us:

"Captain, I have a good joke on you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I heard half-a-dozen farmers cursing you this morning."

"That 's nothing new, Captain."

"They cursed your old, gray beard, and said you swore at them like a trooper, if they were not at the warehouse in time, and ready to load early in the morning,"

"Swore at my gray beard?"

"Yes; but I told them that you had no beard, and that it was Colonel Runnion. They were surprised, and said that every body thinks you are the man with the long, gray whiskers."

A FENCE MAN.

For twenty-five years, Eli Marsh, or, as he is deferentially called, Colonel Marsh, ruled the

democracy of Harrison County with a rod of iron. He is the political "Gamaliel," at whose feet the democratic youth are reared, and woe to him who incurs his displeasure. His hopes of getting his hands into the political flesh-pots of the county are at an end. Like many other democrats of his class, Eli thought democracy meant secession, but, fearing his property might be confiscated, dared not avow his sentiments. An order had been issued requiring every citizen whose loyalty was questioned, to take the following oath before he could obtain a pass to enable him to pass the pickets:

"I do solemnly swear that I will support, protect, and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States against its enemies, whether domestic or foreign, and that I will bear true faith, allegiance, and loyalty to the same, any ordinance, resolution, or law of any State Convention to the contrary notwithstanding. That I do this with a full determination, pledge, or purpose, without any mental reservation or evasion whatsoever: and, further, that I will well and faithfully perform all the duties required of me by law. So help me God."

This was distasteful to Eli, who, on several occasions had succeeded, through the influence of a Union man, in obtaining a pass without being required to comply with the order. Thinking he had a powerful friend at court, he visited the town,

as usual, not knowing the Commandant of the Post had been changed, but, soon after his arrival, learned it, to his chagrin. Captain A. C. Moore, the commandant, was absent, and we were temporarily in command. Strong appeals were made to us in his behalf, but to no purpose. Eli then came himself.

"Captain Leib, I understand you are Commander of the Post just now."

"I am, sir."

"I would like to have a pass."

"You can get one by taking the oath."

"But, Captain, I'm an old man, and never did such a thing before, and don't want to do it now."

"What position do you occupy? Are you a Union man or a Secessionist?"

"I do n't take any part. If the Federals succeed, or if Davis succeeds, I can live under either government. I have n't been away from home over night for four years; besides, I have a sick daughter, who requires my care."

"Occupying the position you do, you can not get a pass without taking the oath. The order must be enforced."

"I was told so before. When Dave Hewes was Commander, I was refused; but my friend Waldo Goff went to him, and got me a pass in ten minutes."

"Colonel Hewes may have given you one at the request of Mr. Goff, but if he and every other man

in town would ask one for you, I would not grant it."

"But, Captain, I am not an enemy of the Government."

"You are not its friend. If you were, you would not object to taking the oath. Loyal men always take pleasure in declaring their devotion to the Union. Those who are disloyal must take the oath, or remain here until the rebellion is crushed."

"I will give you any security you may require, that I will not take part for either party."

"Colonel Marsh, I will settle this question definitely. If my father were here, and were not a loyal man, much as I honor and revere him, he could not leave this town without taking the oath."

The Colonel was satisfied we were in earnest; notwithstanding which he sent some of his personal friends to importune us, and we were waited on by a lady upon the subject, but to no purpose.

The Hon. Mr. Lewis, ex-Member of Congress, called upon us as his friend.

"Captain, Colonel Marsh is exceedingly anxious to go home."

"No doubt of it."

"He does not want to take the oath. He is a very determined man; is headstrong, and likes to have his own way."

"Well, sir, what does he desire?"

"He has said he will not take the oath, and sticks to it; but desires you to take his parole. He is a man of honor, and you can trust him."

"Is Colonel Marsh an enemy of the Government?"

"He says he is not."

"Then I can not take his parole. It can only be taken from our enemies."

"I have nothing more to say. I see you are determined he shall take the oath, or remain here."

"I am."

He remained in town six weeks, growling at the Government, the tyranny of the military authorities; and had his pseudo-Union friends write and telegraph the Commanding General, requesting that an order might be issued giving him permission to leave, but to no purpose.

After six weeks of lamentation he took the oath. It was the first time he had been compelled to yield his stubborn will, and Union men and Secessionists quietly rejoiced that, for once in his life, Eli Marsh had not had his own way.

CHAPTER XVII.

WE ARE REJECTED.

On the 23d of February, we learned by the telegraphic dispatches from Washington City, that the Senate had rejected us, on the ground that we had a million of dollars unaccounted for. The charge was so ridiculous that it only provoked a smile of contempt.

Desirous of knowing, however, the truth of the statement, a member of the Military Committee was telegraphed upon the subject, who replied, he had "not even heard such a report of Captain Leib."

It was a cowardly lie invented by an enemy, who desired to do us an injury. We were rejected for reasons of a political character, through the influence of a Senator noted for his heartlessness, and the pertinacity with which he follows those who will not do his bidding, and act in concert with his tools in the State he represents, and of which we are a citizen.

For months, parties in his interest at Washington City, boasted that we would be defeated, and yet no charge was brought against us but what

we could meet. We were aware of the hostility of this Senator, but our duties were so arduous and pressing, that, in justice to the service, we could not, nor would we ask leave of absence to go to Washington to secure our confirmation.

He defeated us at the former session of Congress, but we were re-appointed upon the recommendation, and at the urgent request, of Brigadier-General William S. Rosecrans, Commanding the Department; Brigadier-General B. F. Kelley, Brigadier-General James Oakes, Captain John G. Chandler, A. Q. M., the Chief Quartermaster of the Department of Western Virginia, and a large number of officers then stationed at Clarksburg. Their letters in our behalf were filed in the War Department; but when they were wanted, while our confirmation was pending before the Senate, they could not be found.

Our rejection afforded infinite satisfaction to the Shylocks, sharks, and thieves, who, for nine months, had tried to get their hands into the public treasury, but failed. Many of those who had defamed and abused us, expressed their regrets at our rejection, for which we did not thank them; and only hope they will endeavor to conduct themselves with propriety toward our successor, and behave like decent, honest men, and prove themselves true friends of the Government, instead of being traitors in disguise, as we have reason to believe they are.

From a large number of letters forwarded the Military Committee of the Senate, in favor of our confirmation, we select the following:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF WESTERN VIRGINIA,
Wheeling, December 23, 1861.

HON. HENRY WILSON,
Chr'n Military Committee, U. S. Senate:
Washington, D. C.

DEAR GENERAL—Captain Charles Leib was sent to this Department inexperienced, and without experienced clerks; stationed at Clarksburg at a time when large and imperative demands were made on the Quartermaster's Department for every kind of service and supply. His devotion to duty was untiring, and his success very creditable.

After his rejection by the Senate, I have continued to watch his course, and it has been carefully observed by the Chief Quartermaster. My conclusion is, that he is a capable, energetic business man, and that his appointment will be a benefit to the service. I hope he may not be refused it.

I am, very truly, yours, etc.,
W. S. ROSECRANS,
Brigadier-General U. S. Army.

Wheeling, Va., February 7, 1862.

HON. HENRY WILSON,
U. S. Senate:

DEAR SIR—You have before the Senate, for

confirmation, the nomination of Captain Charles Leib, of the Eleventh Regiment United States Infantry. He asks my testimony as to his competency and efficiency as an officer, and I most cheerfully give it to you.

Captain Leib has been acting for many months as Quartermaster in this Department. In September and October last, my duties brought me into close relations with him in that capacity, and with peculiar opportunities to observe the service he was rendering the Government; ever since I have heard the most constant account of him. *His promptness, activity, and ability are such that I regard him as one of the best and most effective officers of his grade whom I have known since I have been in the service.*

Very respectfully, yours,

ROBERT C. SCHENCK,

Brigadier-General.

Wheeling, February 6, 1862.

To the Chairman of the Military Committee,

Washington:

I take pleasure in bearing my testimony to the efficiency with which Captain Leib has discharged his duty as Quartermaster, at Clarksburg. During the past summer and fall, I had command of this "district of Grafton," which embraces Captain Leib's post. He is a man of great energy and

promptness, and has rendered general satisfaction to the officers of my command.

Respectfully yours,

B. F. KELLEY,
Brigadier-General.

Cheat Mountain Summit, Va.,
October 12, 1861.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The undersigned having charge of a regiment in Western Virginia, being the Thirty-second Ohio, and having come to this State destitute as to an outfit for my regiment, I have been brought in contact with all, or nearly all, the Post Quartermasters in Western Virginia; and being much surprised at seeing in the public press attacks made upon the integrity of Captain Charles Leib, Quartermaster of the Post at Clarksburg, Virginia, without any kind of solicitations from any one, believing that the public interest demands it of me, I make this voluntary statement.

I have thus far furnished my regiment with every thing through Captain Charles Leib, at Clarksburg, Virginia, and can testify that he is the most active, intelligent, energetic, honest, and accommodating Quartermaster on the entire line, and disposed, in all things, to accommodate Army officers to the utmost extent of his capacity. I have found him in all things strictly honest and upright. I have not only noticed it in his dealings

with myself, but with others. The charges that have been made against him are without foundation in fact, to my certain knowledge, and are but the fabrications of disappointed persons who sought, and failed, to use Captain Leib for the promotion of their own base ends, assisted by rebels to whom the Captain has given no quarters, and whom he has controlled for the public good alone.

Captain Charles Leib, wherever known, needs no recommendation from any one, for he is a gentleman who recommends himself to all who make his acquaintance. This volunteer offering is, therefore, given for the benefit of those who know me, and have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with the Captain.

THOMAS H. FORD,
Colonel Thirty-second Ohio Vol., U. S. A.

Clarksburg, Va., September 13, 1861.

GENERAL HENRY WILSON,
Chr'n Military Committee, U. S. Senate:

DEAR SIR:—Captain Charles Leib, U. S. Army, Assistant Quartermaster at this point, has been in command of that Department during the whole time I have been in command of this Post.

I desire to say that no man could have discharged the perplexing and responsible, as well as arduous, duties with more ability than he has. He is prompt, energetic, determined, quick to act; is a man of coolness, and is eminently qualified for the

post he holds, and, in a case of emergency, proved himself a true soldier. I sincerely hope Captain Leib may be confirmed by the Senate, and, in saying this, but express the wishes of the officers and men of my command.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. T. HEWES,
Colonel Commanding Post.

CAMP COMPANY "E.," FOURTH ARTILLERY, U.S.A.,
Clarksburg, Va., December 4, 1861.

GENERAL: — Captain Charles Leib, Assistant Quartermaster U. S. Army, will, he informs us, come before the Senate for confirmation.

As officers of the Fourth Artillery, having been stationed here during the past summer, we desire to bear testimony to the prompt and faithful manner in which he has discharged his duties.

He has been obliging and courteous in all his intercourse with us, and we believe him to be a true and faithful public servant.

We have the honor to subscribe ourselves, General, with great respect, your most obedient servants,

R. V. W. HOWARD,
Captain Fourth Artillery.
STEPHEN WHITNEY,
First Lieutenant Fourth Artillery.
AUG. C. CRAVEN,
Second Lieutenant Fourth Artillery.

GENERAL HENRY WILSON,
Chairman Military Committee, Washington City.

Grafton, Va., January 2, 1862.

HON. HENRY WILSON,

Chr'n of Military Committee, U. S. Senate.

It affords me much pleasure to unite with many other officers in the Army, in our expression of approval of the services of Captain Charles Leib, Assistant Quartermaster, at Clarksburg, Virginia. During the past seven months, Government stores to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars have passed from the post of which I have had the honor to have in charge, for all of which Captain Leib has receipted promptly. He has, by his urbanity of manners and his strict attention to business, in his intercourse with the officers of the Army and others, contributed to facilitate the public service in an eminent degree. If strict attention to duty, and a desire to perform that duty, will entitle an officer to the approval of his Government, I have no hesitation in saying that Captain Leib is deserving such consideration.

D. L. SMITH,

Captain Second Virginia Volunteers,

A. A. Quartermaster.

Clarksburg, January 9, 1862.

SIR:—Although personally unknown to you, permit me, as an officer of the Army, to bear testimony to the prompt and energetic manner in which Captain Leib, Assistant Quartermaster at this the most important post in Western Virginia,

has performed the perplexing and arduous duties devolving upon him. I have been stationed here since September 1st, and have been in almost daily communication with him. I have never made a requisition upon him that he has not promptly filled, while his devotion to duty is acknowledged by every officer of the army stationed here during the fall. He is always at his post, and in all my intercourse with him I have found him a courteous gentleman.

Hoping he may be confirmed by the Senate, I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. K. WINNE,
Assistant Surgeon, U. S. Army.

To Hon. Henry Wilson,
Chairman Military Committee.

Leib Barracks,
Clarksburg, Va., December 3, 1861.

General H. Wilson,
Chairman Military Committee U. S. S.:

General:—The undersigned officers of the First Virginia Cavalry desire to bear testimony to the efficient and faithful manner in which the Assistant Quartermaster at this post, Captain C. Leib, has discharged his public duties. We have, ever since the First Virginia Cavalry has been stationed here, been in daily communication with Captain Leib, and feel it incumbent on us to say, that while he has been exceeding strict in all his

dealings with us, he has, at the same time, been just and obliging. The Quartermaster's Department has no more prompt and honest officer than Captain Leib, and we hope the Senate will unanimously confirm him.

H. ANISANSEL,
Colonel First Virginia Cavalry.
N. P. RICHMOND,
Lieutenant-Colonel First Virginia Cavalry.
J. S. KREPPS,
Major First Virginia Cavalry.
HENRY CAPEHEART,
Surgeon First Virginia Cavalry.
C. C. KREPPS,
Adjutant First Virginia Cavalry.
THOS. H. REEVES,
Captain First Virginia Cavalry.
ROBERT WARD,
Captain First Virginia Cavalry.
AUGUSTUS NORTON,
First Lieutenant First Virginia Cavalry.
SAMUEL LIDY,
Second Lieutenant First Virginia Cavalry.
W. C. MULLEN,
Second Lieutenant First Virginia Cavalry.
J. S. SHUMAN,
Captain First Virginia Cavalry.
JOHN HESS,
Captain First Virginia Cavalry.

J. STEIN,
First Lieutenant First Virginia Cavalry.
J. P. WILSON,
First Lieutenant First Virginia Cavalry.
S. B. HOWE,
Second Lieutenant First Virginia Cavalry.
WM. N. HARRISS,
Second Lieutenant First Virginia Cavalry.

Parkersburg, Va., October 21, 1861.

GENERAL HENRY WILSON:

I have visited Clarksburg every week for some three months past, and can say that I have always seen Captain Charles Leib at his post and ready for duty, which, as far as I have noticed, he has performed with promptness; and I can say, from close observation, that he has made an efficient officer; his labors have been attended with perplexity, but withal he has discharged them honestly and faithfully. My connection with the office has led me to observe closely his ability and attention, and, I am free to say, that I believe he has performed all that the Government has required.

Yours, respectfully,
JOHN F. HOY,
Lieutenant-Colonel Sixth Virginia Regiment.

After our rejection, without our knowledge, the following letter was sent to Hon. Henry S. Lane, a member of the Military Committee:

Wheeling, Va., March 1, 1862.

HON. HENRY S. LANE, U. S. SENATE,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

SIR—We have heard with great regret that the appointment of Captain Charles Leib, Assistant Quartermaster, United States Army, has been rejected by the United States Senate, and deem it our duty to state, for the best interest of the service, that we are familiar with the manner in which this officer has heretofore discharged his duty as an agent of the Government, and consider him one of the most active, energetic, and industrious officers in the service. He has, we firmly believe, consulted only the interests of the public service at all times; and we earnestly hope the Senate will reconsider their action in the case of Captain Leib, and continue him in the service, as Assistant Quartermaster, in the Department of Western Virginia.

We are, very respectfully,
Your obedient servants,
W. S. ROSECRANS,
Brigadier-General, U. S. A.

By a note in my possession, I am authorized by General Denver to add his name to the above.

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Brigadier-General, U. S. A.
ROB'T C. SCHENCK,
Brigadier-General, U. S. Vol.

See also a letter heretofore written by me to Hon. Henry Wilson, United States Senator from Massachusetts.

R. C. S.

R. E. CLARY,
Major and Chief Quartermaster,
Department of W. Va.

I am free to state, from the best information I have been able to obtain of the manner in which Charles Leib conducted his business at Clarksburg, since the commencement of the war, he is a good Quartermaster.

F. H. PIERPONT,
Governor of Virginia.

Wheeling, Va., March 3, 1862.

Cumberland, March 12, 1862.

SIR—

I join heartily with Generals Rosecrans and Schenck, in calling your attention to the case of Captain Charles Leib.

I have known Captain Leib, as a Quartermaster, in Western Virginia, for several months, and can

assure you that, for capacity, energy, and integrity, he has no superior.

It is my conviction, that his earnest desire to do his duty to the Government, and his attempt to carry out instructions, regardless of favor, have created the active enemies he is now suffering from.

It seems strange, that men of questionable capacity and integrity should be selected, confirmed, and sustained, in these offices, while the one man, who has striven to fill his place, with an eye singly to the public good, should be thrown out and disgraced.

Believing that in the loss of Captain Leib, the Department will be deprived of a faithful servant, I hasten to write you this.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,

DONN PIATT,

Assistant Adjutant General.

HON. EDWIN M. STANTON,

Secretary of War.

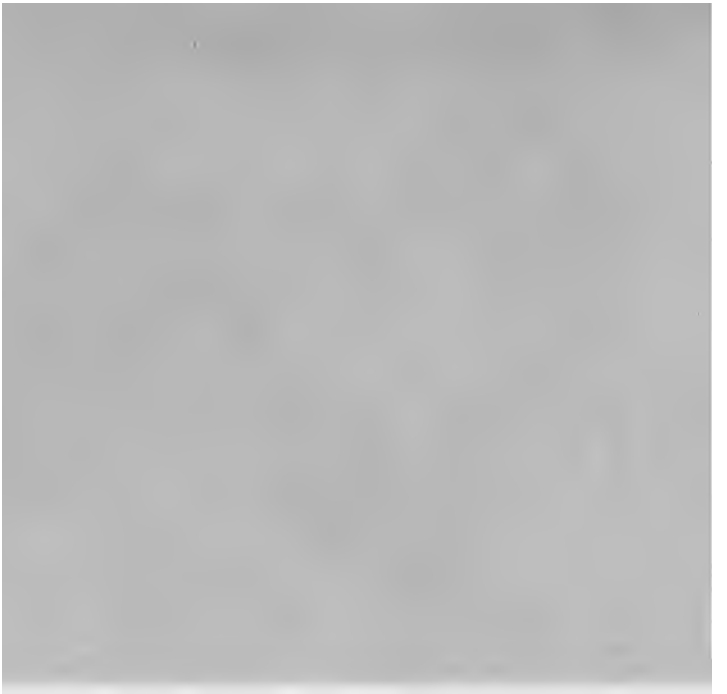
Stricken down, attempted to be disgraced, we felt most deeply the compliment paid us by these letters.

On the first day of April we were relieved from duty by Captain J. M. Huntington, A. Q. M. We had no regrets at retiring from the Department. We had done our duty, and gained the confidence

of the General commanding the Department, and the Chief Quartermaster.

A large number of officers urged us to go to Washington, and ask a re-nomination by the President; but we would not do so. We served the Government faithfully, and have nothing to ask of those who have done us such gross injustice.

[redacted]



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